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Vol. XII.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



A PLEA FOR GOVERNMENT BANK INSPECTION.

Yes, our money was all there, and to day we are beggars! We trusted the official returns, but they are a delusion. It is high time the Banks were placed in earnest under direct Government Inspection. It will save many old men and helpless women from ruin and misery, and will protect public property from the grasp of incompetence and many like the save many old men and helpless women from ruin and misery, and will protect public property from the grasp of incompetence and many like the save many old men and helpless women from ruin and misery, and will protect public property from the grasp of incompetence and many like the save many old men and helpless women from ruin and misery, and will protect public property from the grasp of incompetence and many like the save many old men and helpless women from ruin and misery. and rescality. We must get up petitions!

THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY issue the following periodicals, to all of which subscriptions are payable in advance:—The CANADIAN ILLUS-TRATED NEWS, \$4.00 per annum; THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, \$2.00 per annum; L'OPINION Pu-BLIQUE, \$3.00 per annum.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. Burland, General

All correspondence of the Papers, literary contributions, and sketches to be addressed to "The Editor, The Burland-Desbarats Company, Montreal.

When an answer is required stamps for return postage must be enclosed.

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In the next number of the Canadian Illus-TRATED NEWS, we shall publish a number of sketches fully illustrating the

#### ONTARIO PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION,

held at Ottawa last week.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 2nd, 1875.

#### OUR CHROMO.

In reply to frequent inquiries from our friends, by letter and otherwise, concerning the Chromo which we promised them in the course of the summer, we have to say that the work is progressing satisfactorily and will be ready for delivery at the latest, by Christmas. To those who may wonder at this delay we shall remark that it is not a mere colored print that we are preparing for them, but a real Chromo, a genuine work of art which, in both design and execution, will be worthy of a rich frame and a conspicuous place on the walls of any drawing room. To complete such a picture requires time, care and considerable outlay. The picture has already been two months in hand and is being proceeded with as expeditiously as a due regard for excellence of finish will warrant. Our friends may rely upon a Presenta tion Plate such as has never been surpas sed in Canada.

We shall take this occasion to urge all our subscribers who are yet in arrears to settle their accounts as speedily as possible, offering as a further and final induce ment, that every one who does so and pays a year's subscription in advance will be entitled to our beautiful Chromo. The offer is a rare one. Let all take advantage

#### CANADIAN SCIENCE.

We published some months ago, in the columns of the Canadian Illustrated News, a detailed account of the march of the North West Mounted Police from Dufferin to the Forks of the Saskatchewan. That narrative, accompanied by copious illustrations, was well received as affording much new information on the comparatively unknown regions of which it treated. To-day we are pleased to announce the publication of another work relating to almost the same route, but dealing exclusively with the geology, the flora and fauna observable along its whole extent. The book is the production of Mr. GEORGE MERCER DAWSON, ASSOC. R.S. M., '. G. S., Geologist and Botanist to the British North American Boundary Commission. It is in every sense creditable to its author and ranks as a most important contribution to Canadian Science.

The explorations of Mr. Dawson comprise the region in the vicinity of the Forty Ninth Parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, a section over 800 miles in length which has heretofore been geologically touched upon at a few points only, and in the vicinity of which a space of over 300 miles in longitude has—until the present researches —remained geographically unknown.

Mr. Dawson begins his work by describing with the greatest fulness and accuracy, the Eastern and Western boundaries of this region, its slope, its three prairie levels, its southern and northern transverse watersheds, the areas drained by the different watersheds and the area of the plains themselves. This is preliminary to his minute description of the geology of the region.

Setting out from the Lake of the Woods, at the West end, he gives us a study of all the principal rocks, which are generally Laurentian in character as far as North Island, where he encountered an area of much-altered Huronian quite different from the typical Laurentian of other parts of the Lake. In the vicinity of Rat Portage, on the Winnipeg river, there is a junction of the Huronian and Laurentian series.

Our author next proceeds to an examination of the structure of the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of the 49th Parallel. This portion of his work is very exhaustive and satisfactory, but it is so technical that it is impossible for us to summarize it within the brief space allotted to us. We should have liked, however, a more definite generic characterization of the rocks of this section, such as other geologists have given for other portions of the Rocky Mountains. Returning eastward to Pembina, Mr. Dawson describes the Cretaceous and Tertiary rocks from the Pembina Escarpment to Wood Moun tain and thence to the Rocky Mountains. This inquiry extends over several chapters and forms almost a main part of the volume. For the scientific student it is of the most curious interest and we make no doubt that it will aid in throwing much light on the geological characteristics of

this continent. A considerable space is also devoted to glacial phenomena and superficial deposits, and the character of the Red River Valley is fully explained.

The work concludes with two chapters on the capabilities of the region with reference to settlement and are, therefore, of the widest general interest. The future of the North West and its climate are amply discussed. A through inquiry into the grasshopper is made, confirming much of what has appeared on this subject in our own columns. In regard to the supply of wood in the North West, Mr. Dawson enters into the causes tending to the destruction of forests, into the reasons why the prairies are mostly treeless and into the dryness of the soil and atmosphere, and winds up by presenting a scheme for the planting and preservation of trees.

This valuable work is supplemented by four important appendices—on the Plants, collected by the author, from the Lignite Tertiary Deposits, near the Forty Ninth Parallel; on the Vertebrate Fossils from the Fort Union Group of Milk River; on the nature and distances of the dykes and veins observed at the Lake of the Woods on the Butterflies and Orthoptera, the Land and Fresh Water Molluscs and the Plants collected by Mr. Dawson from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Moun-

#### FRENCH IRRECONCILABLES.

While on the one hand, we learn with satisfaction that M. THIERS and M. GAM-BETTA have agreed upon a common platform of action for the consolidation of the French Republic, we are informed, on the other, that M. Louis Blanc, has definitively broken away from the Left and set up an to rest on a perfect community of ideas extreme party of his own, which has been and feelings. It is high time for them to named the Irreconcilable. M. Blanc is guard against those artificial combinatoo enlightened a statesman and too ardent a patriot to have taken so serious a step without cause, and we are not surprised that he should, in self justification, have published a statement of the reasons which impelled his action. He declares that he and his friends did not refrain from voting the Constitution of the 25th of February merely for the sake of principle, but also on practical grounds. That the present Assembly was not at all convoked for the purpose of fra-

ming a Constitution, and had consequently no right to undertake the task, to the exclusion of the nation, was indeed a doctrine which they had invariably proclaimed, and after having declared over and over again that they would never be brought to forego their strong conviction on the subject, they deemed it incumbent on them not to forego it. But this was not the only reason which led them to take the course alluded to. They thought it was as little practical to expect the establishment of a Republic from a Monarchical and Clerical majority as it would be to expect peaches from an apple tree. They foresaw and foretold that such an Assembly would invest the President of the Republic with even more than kingly power; that the Senate instituted by such an Assembly would be one in which the Jesuits and the Bonapartists could hardly fail to have their own way; that the Executive and the Senate, backed by the army, would be enabled to override, or, in case of continued opposition, to expel the representatives of the people, at the risk of a revolution; that the task of conducting the Government of France, under the title of a Republic, would be intrusted to men who held the Republic in abhorrence, and that they would adopt reactionary measures which, being ascribed to the Republic by uninstructed minds, would only serve to make it odious to the people.

M. Blanc holds that every one of these predictions has been fulfilled. There, of course, he lays himself upon to contradiction, but it is not our purpose to discuss that phase of the subject. We prefer to rehearse the whole of M. Blanc's apology. He declares that to the policy of compromise his friends and himself have no objection whatever; but they do object to that sort of compromise which consists in granting all and receiving nothing. He adds that he always sympathised with the motives of those among his friends who took a different view of the situation. Theirs was a disinterested self-denying conduct. The exaggerated rumours that were spread respecting the imminent triumph of the Empire were, in his opinion, a snare cleverly laid for them by the Orleanist party but their impatient desire to check Bonapartism at any price proceeded, beyond doubt, from a patriotic, praiseworthy feel-He does not think they hit on the best means to put an end to that provisional state of things which had grown insufferable; but it was natural that they should attempt to do away with it in the way which seemed to them the easiest.

As for the promises, on the strength of which they voted a Constitution, so little concordant with their political creed, M. BLANC holds that they have proved so many delusions; no Liberal Cabinet has been formed; the Bonapartist functionaries have not been dismissed; the state of siege has not been raised; the mind has not ceased to be at the mercy of the sword; while those very members of the Right Centre by whom the Constitution was framed seem determined to substitute the scrutin d'arrondissement for the scrutin de liste—a most Anti-Republican scheme. It will be remembered that, only a few days ago, the cabinet of M. BUFFET have determined to insist upon this substitution, staking their existence upon it, and thus, in that point at least, realising M. Blanc's apprehensions.

That gentleman is, however, resigned to make the best of things as they are. Accordingly, he says, the Republicans must stand closely united, but their union ought tions into which divergent parties cannot enter without mental reservation and hidden thoughts. The Democratic principles which the Constitution of the 25th of February was meant to veil must be brought again to light and embodied in a programme to be presented for acceptance to the candidates in the forthcoming elections, so that those only should be elected who, by accepting it, will pledge themselves to serve a Republic truly Conservative

—that is progressive.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

Our latest British exchanges bring us the text of a remarkable discourse on this important subject published by Mr. HENRY RICHARD, M. P. We have no doubt that a brief summary of it will be interesting to our readers. After answering all the objections which have been urged against the principle of Arbitration, the author very appositely invokes the remark of CICERO that there are two kinds of contention, one by force, and one by reason, the one for men and the other for brutes. The evils of war make men stand astonished at the moral perversion which the world must have undergone when nations preferred the settlement of their disputes rather than consent to plead before an Arbitration Court. It might startle some, but the word honour should be taken from the vocabulary, and should give place to right. The pretext that the decision of the arbitrators might be against evidence and unjust, and that the judges might give the verdict against a rival Power whom they wished to humiliate, is met by the reply that twenty references have been made during the last few years, and there has never been a whisper of suspicion from any quarter as to the judgment delivered by any of these Powers. It is not necessary, however, that the arbiter should be a Sovereign Prince. In the Italian Republics Doctors of Law were often appealed to for adjudication, and in modern times commercial corporations, such as the Senate of Hamburg, were requested to decide upon matters in which commercial interests were involved. Mr. RICHARD also refutes the plea that trial by wage of battle always issues in the triumph of justice; that victory is always on the side of right. Who could doubt that the judgment of a high court would be adhered to when it was delivered in the face of the whole world? A judgment so delivered is a security as strong as it is possible to obtain in human affairs. Vattel was of opinion that it was more likely the claims of justice would be overpowered by an appeal to the sword than mistaken by arbitration. As a foundation for a high court there must be a system of law on which it can be based. The codification of international law is not at present in a satisfactory state. But if the voice of law has been drowned in the roar of cannon, it is a subject for rejoicing that jurists are now endeavouring to improve the state of the law. It should be remembered that International Law took its rise in the horror of war. Albericus, Gentilis, and Grotius, the founders of the system, have distinctly avowed this. The unity and consolidation of the law of nations is an indispensable preliminary of the jurisdiction of an international tri-

#### TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Permit us to call your attention to the advantages of publicity offered by the Ca-NADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to advertisers, especially Merchants, Manufacturers, Hotelkeepers, Railway and Steamship Companies, Professional men, and others, desirous of reaching the best classes of the community in every part of the Dominion. It has other points to recommend it besides its large and wide-spread circulation. In the first place, it is a family paper, taken home, read from beginning to end, and kept on the parlor table throughout the week, and then put by, and finally bound; not, as befalls the daily paper, torn up, after a rapid perusal of telegraphic news. The children con over the pictures, read the stories and the funny column, and finally meander among the advertisements and call their parents' attention to those that suit them. The ladies peruse it from end to end, dwelling especially on the fashions and the ladies' column, then naturally turn to the advertising pages to know where to buy the materials for their dresses, or the other ingredients of the toilet. The men read the leading articles, the stories, the paragraphs, study the cartoons and other pictures, night after night, and while sipping their tea, or enjoying

their Havana, pore over the advertisements, and make up their mind to go next day and buy that fur coat, that hall-stove, or that superexcellent sherry. Then again the limited space reserved to advertisements being less than one-fifth of the paper, secures to each advertisement greater attention, whilst most papers devote one-half or two-thirds of their available space to advertisements, which are mostly doon.ed to oblivion in the great mass. Also, the very low price charged, being much less than several weekly newspapers in Canada, and far lower than any illustrated paper in the United States, where the prices are from ten to forty times higher than ours, without an equivalent difference in circulation. And finally, remember that, while serving your own interest in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, you contribute to the support and improvement of this national enterprise, and consequently to the work of progress and education effected by the spread of art and literature.

At the meeting of the Institute for the Codification of International Law, lately held at the Hague, the report of the committee appointed to study the question of collisions at sea, was read. committee recommended the adoption by all nations of a stringent rule of the road; where practicable, prescribed routes, and uniformity in the laws of navigation. Each country should be responsible for the rules of navigation in its internal waters, so as to ensure the safety of vessels sailing therein, such rules to be conformable with those that are international. There should be adopted a universal international code of signals. In case of collisions at sea, it should be the rule that the colliding ships should stay by and help each other, so far as is consistent with the safety of life of those on board. The name and port of each vessel should be furnished at the time if practicable, if not, at the first port made. Finally, when proceedings are taken against a ship in a foreign port in reference to collisions, notice should be given to the commercial representative of the country to which such ship belongs; and the committee also recommended that the Government of such country shall have the power of appointing an assessor to advise with the judge on the trial, though without the power of deciding.

Professor Birkbeck, of Cambridge, has published his views on "The Principle of Non-Intervention." He holds that through ignorance of the principles of International Law, the popular signification of the word is widely different from that which it possesses as a legal maxim, and to define the principles of law as bearing upon the subject is the purpose of his paper. According to him, the right of independence has been laid down so as to enjoin the observance of absolute neutrality, and to preclude, in case a war has broken out between two independent States, the right of a third to interfere in the dispute; but there is no such principle in International Law which affirms that there is an essential difference between the right interference with the internal affairs of other States, and interference when two nations are engaged in a dispute or hostilities between themselves. To interfore in the latter case cannot be declared unlawful. Like property, power has its duties as well as its advantages, and ought, in hatred of oppression and love of justice, to be exercised if occasion requires. If it were conceded that war in self-defence is lawful, it is difficult to understand those who say that war in defence of a neighbour is unlawful.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

GOVERNMENT BANK INSPECTION.

Our cartoon this week reflects strongly the popular feeling in regard to the Banks of the country. Recent events in this city are of so startling and disastrous a nature, and the apprehensions of still further disasters are so rife, that | did you, Polly, didn't you

it is quite natural the public should call for a thorough Inspection of Banks, made by a responsible Government Officer. Not mere perfunctory duties are demanded, but constant, rigid supervision which shall provide against all

DOMINION PROHIBITORY CONVENTION.

In another column biographies of the leaders of this movement will be found, accompanying their portraits. We give in addition a number of sketches illustrative of the proceedings of the great Convention held in this city last week, and full accounts of which have appeared in all the papers of the country.

#### THE YOUNG MARAUDERS.

The reproduction of a magnificent steel en graving, suited to this season of the year when poachers and marauders, young and old, infest the preserves, orchards, and inclosed grounds of the privileged few whose trees are ladened with

#### EUROPEAN PICTORIAL VIEWS.

The TOMB OF CHATEAUBRIAND, at St. Malo, s one of the wildest and most picturesque spots on the coast of France, overlooking that sea which the prose-poet loved so well and described so admirably. SEO D'URGEL represents the scene of the last engagement between the Alfonsists and the Carlists. The former carried the town, took many prisoners and secured a position in the North-East which effectually cripples the cause of Don Carlos in that quarter. We give, be-sides, two views of the grand factories of Britain, the Cyclors Works, Sheffield, rolling a 14 inch iron armour plate, and producing Bessemer steel.

#### TWO VIEWS OF SARNIA.

Sarnia is the chief town of the County of Lambton, and is situated at the head of the river St. Claire, at its junction with Lake Huron. It is the terminus of a branch of the Great Western Railway. The Grand Trunk has a terminus at Point Edward, a short distance from the town. The Grand Trunk has a terminus at Opposite is the city of Port Huron, in Michigan, with which place it connects by steam-ferry. Sarnia is a town of considerable manufacturing enterprise and possesses an excellent harbor. Its population is fully 5,000.

#### WASHINGTON AND ANDRE.

The following account of an interview with persons who had seen both General Washington and Major Andre is published in an exchange without anything to indicate its authorship. Many years ago I made my first visit to Washing-ton's headquarters at old Tappantown, about a mile from the old "seventy-six house." This ancient edifice was more than 120 years old. and although built of stone seemed almost tottering to its fall. It had four roofs, one on top of the other, and from the first lower layer of codar shingles I selected powder specimens which pulled out easily, and have them now among my revolutionary relics. I entered with my friend whose guest I was at this time, and who was a resident in the immediate neighborhood. We were cour-teously welcomed by its then occupants, two elderly ladies, who were born in the house. Nothing could be in more perfect keeping with the mansion than these two venerable women. Their name was Ver Bruyck; and I was more interested in them because I had recently become acquainted in New York with a relative of theirs of the same name, a promising young painter who was fast increasing his reputation as a very natural artist and a keen observer of the picturesque. One of his most admired sketches I soon saw was a most life-like picture of this same old house. One of the two ladies was over eighty years old, and her sister seventy-five. They were very lively for persons so aged, and very obligingly communicative.

"Did you ever see General Washington?" "Oh, yes—many and many a time," she answered, "in this very room. He often used to hold me in his lap. I remember it just as well as if it was but yesterday; he was a lovely man, George Washington. And here," she continued, going to and opening a wide cupboard, "he used to keep his things. These blue and white chiney cups and sassers he used to drink out of; and here's the very bowl he used to make his wine sangaree into; and they used to pass it round from one officer to another when they'd come to see him; and they helped themselves. He had seen a good deal of company, General Washington did."

"Did you ever see Major Andre?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—more'n fifty times. He was a beautiful man. He kissed me twice. I was a little girl then. I saw him the very morning they took him on to the top of the hill to hang him. The

day before in the morning I took him some hand-some ripe peaches. He thanked me so kind, and broke one of 'em and put it into his mouth and tasted of it; but somehow he did'nt seem to have no appetite."

I asked how General Washington seemed to feel

on the occasion.

"Oh, he must have felt dreadful! He walked back ards, and for ards all the morning in this very room; and I've heard Pop Blauvelt say that he had never seen him feel so bad afore kept looking at his watch every now and then and was uneasy until the time had come and Major Andre was hung. I seen Major Andre myself, when he was swingin'in the air; and I saw him when he was dug up and took away; so

#### HOGG, THE SCOTCH POET.

James Hogg sprang from the very humblest alk of life. His father was a shepherd, and he walk of life. His father was a shepherd, and he himself passed his entire youth and early manhood in tending sheep and herding cattle on the hills and valleys of his native district. Of schooling he enjoyed but little, for he was but seven years of age when he was apprenticed. Nature was his school-house; the pastoral val-leys, the lovely streams, the flowers on the hill-side, the rocks, and the rills, and the reflections cast on the water by the mountains and the sky, were the books from which he learned to sing the songs which have made his name deathless. He was ill-clad, and ill-fed. His only companions the four-footed beasts he tended, over whom he watched by day, and among whom he slept by night. The blue sky was often his mantle, the dewy grass his pillow; but there was a spirit within him that neither hardship nor poverty could still—a resistless genius, that was to carry his name down side by side with his great countryman, the humble ploughman, Burns. While his flock was browsing by the hillside his mind was revelling in the realms of fancy.

He is essentially the poet of nature. His subjects are all drawn from her midst. His mind was imbued with all the wild and gentle superstitions of his native glens. Brownies kelpies were to him as real personages. Wilson calls him "the poet-laureate of the court of Faëry" and Professor Aytoun said of him, "Who is there who has not heard of the Ettrick Shepherd—of him whose inspiration descended as lighty as the breeze that blows along the mountain sides - who saw among the lonely and sequestered glens of the south, from eyelids touched with fairy ointment, such visions as are vouchsafed to the minstrel alone—the dream of sweet Kilmeny, too spiritual for the taint of earth.

Hogg claims to have been born on the twenty-fifth of January, 1772, the anniversary of Burns birthday; but the parish register gives the date of his birth as the ninth of December, 1770.
Hogg loved to be likened to his greater countryman, and this led him likely to post-date his birth. He came from a race of shepherds. He was the youngest of four sons. His mother, Margaret Laidlaw, was a pious, though uneducated woman but with a mird to the latest the state of the sta cated woman, but with a mind stored with border-ballads, which she poured into the ears of her son, who drank his first inspiration from this humble source. He commenced the composition of songs and ballads in 1796: in 1801 appeared the first of his published productions, "The Patriot Lay of Donald McDonald," which soon became a general favourite, was set to music, and sang far and wide before the name of the author was known. It was about this time that he became acquainted with Scott, who was then collecting materials for his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and Hogg made a of the Scottish Border, and riogg made a number of contributions to it. This acquaintance with Scott was of great benefit to him. It led to a life-long intimacy, although now and then ruffled by little quarrels, for Hogg was a man of rather irritable disposition and somewhat irregular habits; but the great "magician" always overlooked those little differences and magnanimously forgave them. Hogg, despite his irregularities, was a man of kindly and noble nature. In one of his "Lay Sermons" he says, nature. In one of his "Lay Sermons" he says, "I have never intentionally done evil to any living soul; and knowing how little power I had to do good to others, I never missed an opportunity that came within the reach of my capacity to do it."

Lockhart tells an interesting anecdote of Hogg's first visit to Scott's residence. Shortly after the first meeting of the two poets, Hogg came to Edinburgh with a flock of sheep for sale. Scot! invited him to dinner. He went, and scot: invited him to dinner. He went, and when he entered the drawing-room he found Mrs. Scott, who was then in ill health, reclining on a sofa. The shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite hers, and stretched himself at full length upon it; for, as he said afterwards, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." He was dressed to copy the lady of the house." He was dressed "precisely as any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market," and his hands and shoes bore unmistakable evidence of his vocation. As will be readily supposed, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the destruction of her chintz-covered furniture; but of this Hogg remarked nothing—dined heartily, and drank freely, and afforded plenty of merriand drank freely, and afforded plenty of merriment for the company (which was a rather large one), by jest, anecdote, and song. As the liquor operated he grew familiar; from "Mr. Scott," he advanced to "Sherra," thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," until at supper he whole party by addressing fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as Charlotte.

Scott assisted him in getting subscribers for his "Mountain Bard" and his work on sheep, entitled "The Shepherd's Guide." On the profits of these two books, some three hundred pounds, he went into an unprofitable farming speculation, and found himself as poor as ever. Disappointed, chagrined, he wrapped his plaid about him and went to Edinburgh to become a professional man of letters. His first enterprise was the publication of periodical called "The Spy." It lingered a twelvemonth, and expired. Spy." It lingered a twelvemonth, and capital. Now his literary life began in earnest. He made many friends; they encouraged him, and in 1813 appeared his best work, "The Queen's in 1813 appeared his best work, "The Queen's Wake." This poem was by far the best production of its author, and deserved to rank with the first publications of the time. It was immediately

successful. Hogg became a celebrity. He was the "lion" of the hour: no party, no literary gathering was complete without the rustic form of the Ettrick Shepherd.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

An India correspondent of the London Times An India correspondent of the London Times writes: A sketch of the proposed arrangements for the Prince of Wales's Indian journey, which differs in some respects from the programme previously announced, has appeared in a recent number of the Pioneer. The Prince, we are told, will arrive at Bombay on or about the 9th of November, and will then be the guest of Sir Philip Wodehouse. Lord Northbrook will go to Bombay in time to welcome the royal visitor. to Bombay in time to welcome the royal visitor. but will occupy a separate house; and several native princes, including the young Guikwar, will assemble at the capital of the Western Providency and will there be introduced to his Presidency, and will there be introduced to his Royal Highness. After a stay in Bombay of eight or ten days the Prince will re-embark, and will proceed down the coast to Beypore, Lord Northbrook in the meanwhile returning to Cal-Northbrook in the meanwhile returning to Cal-cutta. From Beypore the party will proceed by rail to Coimbatore, and thence across country to the Neelgherries, Seringapatam, and Bangalore. Madras will be reached on the 6th of December, and will be left again on the 8th. At Tuticorin the Prince will embark on the 10th for Ceylon, and will probably arrive at Colombo next day. His stay at Ceylon will necessarily be very short— not much more than a week—as he is due at His stay at Ceylon will necessarily be very short—not much more than a week—as he is due at Calcutta on the 23rd. His Royal Highness will spend Christmas and New Year's Day in the capital, and will set out for the Northwest on the 3rd of January. Taking probably Benares, Cawnpore, and Lucknow on the way, he will get to Delhi between the 11th and 16th. The business of the Camp of Exercise will occupy about ten days, after which the Prince will go on to Umritsar and Lahore, returning to Agra about the 6th or 7th of February, A shooting expedition in the Scrai will begin about the 14th and last for three weeks. On its conclusion the last for three weeks. On its conclusion the Prince will go to Bombay, where he will embark for England about the middle of March.

#### A STATUE OF SAPPHO.

A Rome correspondent writes: A Rome correspondent writes: Among the statues to be sent from Rome to the Philadelphia Exposition is a Sappho, the work of Mme. Adelaide Marion, daughter and pupil of Plandiani, a distinguished sculptor of Milan. The unhappy poetess, whose unrequited love has urged her to this desperate step, is represented in the moment when having ascended the rock of Leuceta, she when, having ascended the rock of Leucate, she is meditating on the great unknown future, which her own act is about to make a present certainty. She stands on the brink of the precipice, her body inclined forward, her left hand cipice, her body inclined forward, her feet hand resting upon a trunk of laurel, her right pressed upon her bosom, trying to still the wild tumult within. The lyre, at first, is not seen, but on a closer inspection it is found lying on the ground closer inspection it is found lying on the ground behind the figure, having been thrown there as of no further use. The face is full of great sweetness, but in it is seen the desperate resolve which impels to the deed. She does not seek death in that moment of frenzied exaltation which compatings makes the spinite less all conwhich sometimes makes the suicide lose all consciousness of himself and of his deed; but she meditates upon it with the calm resolve of one who has determined to seek it as the only relief for her sufferings.

#### HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The police at Madrid have discovered several secret repositories of arms and ammunition, which are supposed to be intended for a Socialist rising.

It has been decided that the Prince of Wales will embark on the Serapis for India at Brindisi, a sea-port in Southern Italy.

Both Turkish and Servian troops are concentrating on the Bossian and Servian frontier.

It is believed in Madrid that the demands of the Papal Nuncio will be withdrawn. The Government have shown a firm though conciliatory tone in refusing to accept them.

shown a firm though conciliatory tone in refusing to accept them.

It is now denied that the Orleans Princes have renounced their claim to the French throne and declared in favour of the Republic.

The steamer Tigress, that rescued the survivors of the Polaris Arctic expedition, was wrecked last Friday week near the Magdalen Islands.

In a pastoral published by the Roman Catholic Bishops who lately met at Maynooth, Ireland, the control of education by the State is strongly condemned.

Despatches from Turkey state that the insurgents have again proved victorious. The Porte is prepared to institute certain reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina, whether the Consular negotiations are successful or not.

The French Prince Imperial is to make a tour round the world.

the world.

The hop crop in England has been very much dam-

aged by recent rains.

An early reply to the Papal Nuncio's note to the Spanish Government is promised by the Ministerial journals.

Fifteen hundred Ural Cossacks have been bunished by the Russian Government for opposition to the new milit

the Russian Government for opposition to the new military law.

The Sublime Porte has refused to make any concessions till the insurgents have tendered complete submission, and the latter in turn refuse to suspend hostilities till such concessions are guaranteed by the great Powers.

A manifest has been addressed by a number of fugitive Herzegovinians to the Consular Commission, refusing the mediation of the Powers, and demanding complete liberation from the Ottoman domination.

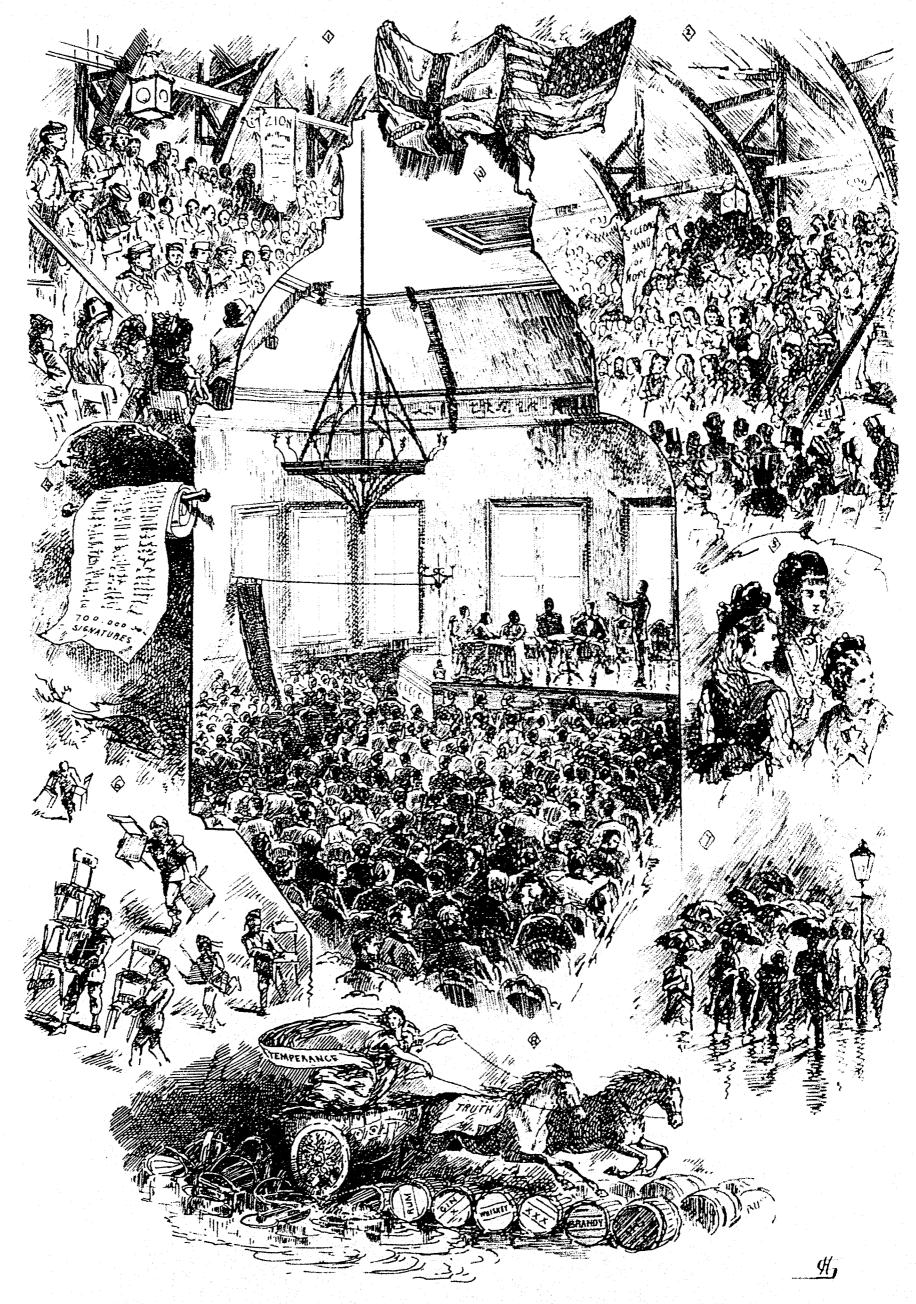
The Carlists have abandoned the bombardment of Guetaria.

Guetaria.

Secretary Delano has placed his resignation in the hands of the President, to take effect early in October.

The international rifle match shot at Creedmore on Saturday, between the Canadhan and American eights, was won by the latter by 25 points.

The departure of H. M. S. Serapis, in which the Prince of Wales is to sail for India, has been postponed, on account of an unsatisfactory trial trip.



DOMINION PROHIBITORY CONVENTION.

1 and 2. Bands of Hope singing at Mass Meeting in Victoria Hall.—3. Meeting of convention in Association Hall.—4. A strong argument in favor of Prohibition Presented to our Artist.—6. Boys distributing chairs at Mass Meeting.—7. Coming home from

#### DOMINION PROHIBITORY CONVENTION.





GEORGE W. ROSS, M. P. Promoter and Champion of Prohibition

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN.

HON. ALEX. VIDAL, SENATOR:
President of the Convention.

George W. Röss was born on September 18th, 18th, in the County of Middlesex. He is desended from Seedob parents who emigrated to Canala and actiful in the above Conuty in 1835. Mr. Ross was refurated in the Common Schools different and afterwards at the Normal School. Toronto: Though a public school tracket for bec years, he follows circumscribed by the narrow limits of his duties that he sought an opportunity to obtain a wider sphere. Accordingly be untertials the publication of the Stratheory Aye, is 1967, which he jublished for some time with considerable success. Afterwards he published the Scalarth Experitor, in company with Mr. ligites, new a member of the Manitoba Local legislature. Mr. Ross is now one of the pubaders and proprietors of the Ostaryo Toucher, a worthly issued in the interests of the teachers of that Province. Mr. Ross is a politician of Liberto 31 inciples. In the General Elections of 1872, he contested West Middlesex with Mr. A. P. Melbould, one of the contractors on the Intercelous Railway. After a severe contest, Mr. liss was elected by a majority of 56. On the Basilist of of Parliament, after the dischanges known to the Parthe Scandal, he was elected by seciamation. Both inside and outside Parliamenthe has been a warm advocate of Prohibition. d facultive the Sons of Temperance of Ontario, an i has been Chairman, for two sessions, of the Problitting Committee of the House of Commons, By his advocant of Prohibition much attention has been given to be distation in this matter. reation, in Montreal, held during the just week, was called through his instrumentality

GEORGE W. ROSS, M. P.

#### HON. MALCOLM CAMERON.

This veteran was born at Three Rivers, in 1808, and engaged in mercantile affairs for many years. He has been most prominently identified with the Temperance movement as a leader since 1832, and has filled the position of Chief of the Social Circle, Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Social Circle, Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Good Temperance, M. W. G. Chief of the Good Templars, Vice-President of the Ontario beague, and President of the Ontario and Quebec League. He declined the Inspector Generalship



HON, MALCOLM CAMERON, M. P. An old-time advocate of Temperance and Peace.

in 1841, but became Inspector of Revenue during the administration of Sir Charles Bagot. He was member of the Executive Council from March 1848 to February 1850, in the Lafontaine-Baldwin administration, and from October 1851 to September 1854, in the Hincks Morin Government, filling successively the offices of Assistant-Commissioner of Public Works, President of the Council, Minister of Agriculture, Postmaster-General and Member of the Board of Railway Commissioners. He was also a Government Director of the Grand Trunk Railway, then under construction. He visited British Columbia in 1862, and was appointed a delegate to proceed to England to secure self-government for that colony, a mission in which he was completely successful. He held the office of Queen's Printer from 1863 to 1869. He sat for Lanark, in the Upper Canada Assembly, from 1836 until the Union of Upper and Lower Canada; and for the same seat, in the Canada Assembly, from the Union till 1848; for Kent, from 1848 till 1851; for Huron, from 1851 till 1854; for Lambton, from 1858 till 1860, when he resigned and was returned to represent St. Clair Division in the Legislative Council till 1863. He was first returned to the House of Commons for South Ontario at the last general elections.

#### HON, ALEXANDER VIDAL.

The family of the distinguished Senator was originally from Spain, and removed to England in the 17th Century. He is the eldest surviving son of the late Captain R. E. Vidal, R. N. He was born in Berkshire, England, in 1819, and educated at the Royal Mathematical School, Christ's Hospital, London. He accompanied his father to Canada in 1834 and settled in Sarnia in the following year. He is a P. L. S. and practiced his profession from 1843 to 1852; is Lieut.-Col. Lambton Reserve Militia, County Treasurer of Lambton and President Y. M. C. Association, Sarnia. He was engaged in the Banking business for many years till 1875, when he retired. He sat for the St. Clair Division in the Legislative Council of Canada from September, 1863 till the Union. He was called to the Senate in January 1873. Mr. Vidal has championed the cause of Temperance in the Senate, and was Chairman of the Prohibition Convention which met in Montroal last week

#### THE CLOUD-STAR.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Far up within the tranquil sky, Far up it shone; Floating how gently, silently, Floating alone!

A sunbeam touched its loftier side With deepening light; Then to its inmost soul did glide Divinely bright.

The cloud transfigured to a star, Through all its frame Throbbed in the fervent heavens afar One pulse of flame;

One pulse of flame which inward turned And slowly fed On its own heart, that burned and burned. Till almost dead.

The cloud, still imaged as a star, Waned up the sky; Waned slowly, pallid, ghost-like, far, Wholly to die;

But die so grandly in the sun— The noonfire's breath— Methinks the glorious death it won, Life! life! not death!

Meanwhile a million insect things Crawl on below.

And gaudy worms on fluttering wings
Flit to and fro:

Hlind to that cloud, which grown a star. Divinely bright, Waned in the deepening heavens afar Till lost in light!

#### THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

A TALE.

" May I come in !"

"Yes, come in."
And the painter, forgetting his visitor already, stepped back a pace or two to gaze at the work on his easel. It was a sunny bit of landscape in early morning, while the dew was still on the grass, and the birds were in jubilant song on every bough and branch. You could fancy as you gazed that you heard the sound of running waters, and saw the tall tree-tops sway softly in the summer wind.

A little maiden stood at the edge of the river, amongst the long sheaves of water-grass, dabbling her bare feet in the cool, limpid tide. Her face was turned fell towards you; "the light that never was on sea or land" throwing a wonderful

radiance over its still beauty.

And this other little maiden, peering over the artist's shoulder, said softly, in smiling wonder, and with a pride that showed his art glorified her in her own thoughts. "That is me again.

But though he used ber beauty lavishly unmercifully, it may be—to adorn his canvas, he had evidently no other feeling towards her, for he did not notice her, in any way. She did not seem disappointed as she drew back and seated herself on a chair behind, wrapt and absorbed, as if some spell were on her she was too glad, in her tranquil fashion, to break.

She watched every movement of his pencil with intelligent sympathy, and such supreme in-terest, that her slight fingers moved mechanical-ly as his moved, and each gesture of hers was a

copy of his.

For two hours he worked on steadily, unconscious of the girl's existence even, much more of her presence. The window was open to the ground, and as the buzz of the bees grew fainter, and the sultry summer afternoon began to fade and soften into twilight, the sunset clouds took strange shapes, mimicking a battle field, and casting their golden spears prone into the olive shadow of the old elms.

The birds, coming home weary to rest, rustled the boughs, and the rooks, swaying in their tall nests, cawed drowsily, as if they were bidding euch other good night, or perhaps, repeating their evening prayer, but half awake. The painter took one lingering, dissatisfied

look at his work, and then, throwing down his pencil, leapt through the casement and disap-

The girl rose then, covered the canvas with a reverent hand, and moved silently here and there, putting a little order at the end of the day's work, but so judiciously that the painter would miss nothing that he wanted on the morrow

Finally, she shut down the window and went out, closing the door carefully behind her.

Lingering on the garden path, the roses over the porch scattering their faded leaves amongst her hair, she glanced wistfully down the lane. She could see the painter standing midway, bareheaded and contemplative, his stalwart, untidy figure looking like a blot in the golden perspective.

There was a wonderful hush in the air, a strange silence and calm, broken, at intervals away. only, by the homely sounds from the farm-yard He near. A cow lowed; a young colt, frisking in the meadow, gave a joyful neigh; a hen, cooped up with its brood, resented the intrusive beak of some dissipated duck returning late from a party of pleasure on the lake-pond; then the barn-door slammed, and the old cock at roost on the beam set up a crow, thinking he had miscalculated the and it must be already dawn. Leah seemed to listen, and see too, as she stood there : but every sense she had was absorbed in wondering -if her ambition were not unholy-she might so comport herself as to win the heart she craved for, and weave her love into the fabric of his daily life. That the painter was a sceptic, and egotist for his heart's sake, it was not in her tender, timid, trusting woman's nature to divine.

She loved him, and yet by her love he became

so grand, and good, that it was almost a shame in her to aspire to his height.

A mist stole across the sunset, creeping up from the valley, and effaced all the glory.

Day and night Were standing in each other's light.

Then Leah wen in, and sat in the cool calm of the great oaken hall, waiting for his steps, that she might be there ready to minister to him directly he came.

He was an ungoverned soul, this painter, recognising no laws but those fancy or inclination suggested to him at the moment. He had odd fits of restlessness occasionally, when he would wander about all night, and poor Leah, still keeping watch, would almost faint with wear-

But when he came, at last, long after daybreak, his clothes rent, his hair in a wild tangle. and all wet with dew, she had a smile for him, and a soft little murmur of welcome, though he never saw or heard.

To-night his mood was more reasonable, or the heat of the past day had tired him, for the clock was striking ten when he opened the door, and stumbled against Leah as she ran forward to meet him.

I am so glad you have come !" she said, brightly, in a voice that would be heard, for the surprise made her bold. "But, please, hush; mother is asleep.

other is asieep.

"She is always asleep," he answered testily.

"What a blessed thing, is nt it?--I mean for er!" said the girl, in her tender ignorance; she suffers so much when she is awake. You

will have some supper now?"
"No!" shortly and abstractedly.

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright!

There was so much disappointment and pain in her voice, that it brought to him a transient gleam of comprehension.

'You must not mind me, Leah," he observed. "I am a thorough Bohemian. I never had any one to care a snap of the finger about me yet and I like it better so, for it makes me independent. My mother died when I was born; my father went mad—some say of grief, but I should think that was doubtful. I was brought up on cuffs and hard fare, and they agreed with me, somehow. Folks called me a young savage and, of course, I was. Nature was my only friend then; she is my only friend still. I learnt to paint out of sheer gratitude to her, and not for fame or money, and I want no sympathy but hers. So don't trouble about me, child; if I am

left alone, I shall do very well."
"Not if you won't eat," she said, pitifully.
"I do eat when I have time, but I have none

to-night. I have a thought in my head I want to dream out.

He passed her quickly, but stopped on the bottom steps to the stairs to add, "I wish they would ring the neck of that coafounded old

Cochin, yonder; he'd wake the very dead!"
"I'll tell Mrs. Rumbold he disturbs you, shall I?"

Bother Mrs. Rumbold; she is the worst of the two!" said the painter, discontentedly, as he sprang up the stairs two steps at a time, and

vanished into the darkness of the passage beyond. He never asked for a candle, fortunately, or there would have been a chance of their all being burnt in their beds. and Poor Leah would have had another anxiety in addition to those that already oppressed her. To nurse a sick mother, and eke out their scant means in such a way that the invalid should never guess how poor they really were, was surely enough thought for this childwoman of sixteen, without another care

And then this love, which was nothing but anguish and longing, brought her no rest. It was only the change from one bitterness to another at best, for it had no leaven of hope, even though it had pauses in pain.

For three days the artist shut himself away in

his room, and could not be seen, or even heard. Leah carried him food to the door, and left it there, and sometimes it was taken in, sometimes untouched, whilst the man worked out his thoughts without her, and had not heard enough to be grateful for the gentle observances that

kept him from fainting over his task.
On the afternoon of the fourth day, Leah went boldly to his door, and knocked; and, lo ! a stubborn face showed itself in answer.

grim, stubborn race sure May I come in?' This with a look of supplication backing the prayer of her lips.

His gesture of denial was almost fierce.

"But you do always let me in!" she urged.
"I may want you to-morrow, and then I'll I won't have you until I do want you that's certain !

The supreme egotism of this speech never seemed to strike Leah as she moved slowly

He would want her to-morrow, perhaps. picked up the crumbs of comfort he had thrown at her gratefully, and hugged them to her breast. She had been banished three whole days, but to-morrow would repay her, if she were patient.

She went up to her mother's room, and sat down beside the bed-a tender, soft light on her young face, as if, with all its sadness, love was sweet, because it was love.

Mrs. Burt had known better days, and she could not forget them. She was querulous, discontented, and sensitive; and, it is to be feared. Leah had a sorry time with her. She was always picturing slights that were never intended, and grumbling at her neighbours, who were quite willing to please her, if they knew the way. She had no idea of her daughter's daily sacrifices, her self abnegation, her woful, loving devices to hide

their poverty; for they had very little to live upon, and the invalid was so exacting. Leah denied herself hourly, not luxuries, but actual necessaries, and Mrs. Burt still complained.

The worst of it was that the latter would not accept her position. She was still hampered by her pride, and thought it bitterly hard they should have only one servant, when this one servant was a terrible difficulty, so far as Leah was concerned, and embarrassed her cruelly in a hundred different ways, for Jane was very healthy and very ignorant. She could see no difference between economy and meanness, and, having been brought up in the workhouse, was, of course, particular about her fare.

So that often she dined off meat, and Leah off bread; whilst Mrs. Burt had her chicken-broth, and grumbled because her sherry was not champagne. The lodger was never mentioned before the invalid. She disapproved of him strongly. She had never been accustomed to anything of the kind; Leah would have her own way. It could not be necessary, she was sure, for her husband had been considered a very good match when she married him; and though he had certainly been extravagant—it was no use to deny that—still Leah ought to respect her father's memory, and not blazon their change of fortune.

The artist did not pay his rent regularly—how could a man with his genius be expected to remember such things?—and poor Leah felt sometimes as if the burden of life were too heavy for her; but she was very brave, too, and looked forward to brighter days, with the hopefulness

that was a part of her youth.

To-morrow came at last! Leah had lain awake in the cold calm of the night to wait for it, and the dawning day was like a blessing to her. She had expected to be summoned early; but the hours passed away, and the painter gave no sign. It was nearly three o'clock, when, as she sat listening in the hall, she heard his sudden stride in the room overhead. The door opened, and he called impatiently down the stairs.

" Leah, be quick!"

She reached him in a moment. "Here I am!" she responded, breathlessly.

Do you want me now?"
"Yes, yes," he said, in his irritable way of course! Have you a white dress anyhe said, in his irritable way; where?"
"Yes; shall I put in on?"

"Only make haste!

She was gone almost before he had done speaking, and love lent her wings; for it was wonderful how soon she returned to him, the soft, pale folds of the gown clinging close to her slender, shapely limbs, and lending a new grace to her maidenly beauty.

He put out his large hand as she stood, like a

supplicant, at the door, and drew her in, con-templating her critically, as she bent trembling before him.

"You will do!" he said, at last; and lifting her up in his strong arms, he laid her, not ungently, on to a kind of impromptu stretcher,

which he had covered with his coat.
"Now close your eyes," he said, "and keep quite still.

Am I dead!" she asked with a faint

"You died just an hour ago."

"Only in the picture?"
"Where else?" he answered, disdainfully.
"Don't be foolish, child!"

"Oh, I see!" and she sighed. "I am glad you had me, too, though it does feel so strange. Shall I have to stay here long?

"Not if you keep quite quiet. But you women are so unmanageable—you will talk."

Leah shut her lips fast together, and was mute

directly.

At first, her spirit rebelled against this forced quietude, and her limbs twitched, her evelids twinkled, the colour came and went in her face, and the life grew buoyant within her, out of pure contradiction. Then she tried to realize herself as actually dead, just to solemnize her mood, but found that the horror of the thought had a strange fascination of its own, dwelling with her persistently, even when she was eager to be rid of it again.

What was death ! Was it to stiffe down there, under ground, in the coldness and darkness, for Or was it to leave the infirmities of the flesh behind you, and pass in spirit through the golden gates that lead to a land where all hope is fruition, and faith grows to knowledge sud-

If so, there was nothing to fear, only that life was sweet, and had mysteries enough to satisfy

It was a drowsy afternoon, although the air was beginning to cool. Every now and then a breath came through the window, laden with honeysuckle and mignonette, or the fainter perfume of the roses, and the hum of the

monotonous music everywhere.

Leah just peeped once, and saw the boughs aving very softly, and rustling their leaves, as if they were whispering together.

The "immemorial clms" were flecked with sunshine, and in the purple distance a flight of birds made little specks of shadow; whilst the church steeple looked like a spear pointed menacingly at the sky, as it rose out of the black shade of the old yews.

But everything was growing blurred and in-distinct to her by this time, and her eyelid felt so heavy that they fell of themselves, leaving a dark pencilled fringe on her fair white cheek.

When she awoke, the mists of evening were

everywhere; and she felt strangely faint and be-numbed. The painter had used his model after

the ordinary merciless fashion, and having painted as long as he could see, had started off for his evening's ramble without a single thought of her though her patience merited this much of reward.

(To be concluded in our next).

#### LITERARY.

PROF. MOSES COIT TYLER of Michigan Uniersity is preparing a survey of American literature.

MR. JOAOUN MILLER'S new poem, "The Ship of the Desert," is promised for American publication this

mouth.

It is stated that Mr. John Bright is compiling an qutobiography. If so, the work will be the moteresting of its class.

Miss Susan Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World, and "Queechy." has nearly completed her new novel, "Wych Hazel."

In a few weeks will appear "Poetic Localities of Cambridge," containing views of scenes and places in the old city by the Charles, made famous by the poets— Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes. &c.

DISRAELI is reported to have recently said that he owed what literary reputation he had largefy to the people of the United States, and that he had for them the kindest feelings. THE monument to Edgar A. Poe, in Baltimore,

will be dedicated early next month. Longfellow, Bry ant, Whittier, Holmes and Saxe have been invited to A NEW pamphlet by Mr. Gladstone is spoken

of. It is on a great social reform. The supply of information has been got at the East-End of London, at the original source, by the great writer himself.

OCTAVE FEUILLET conceives his "ideas while fishing in some sylvau stream—a sport to which he is addicted. In forming his plots and situations he puts an end to the romance of many a poor young fish.

A PAPER on the "Latest Stuarts," which recently appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes, is said to have been written by the Queen of Holland. Her Ma jesty's literary taste is well known and recognised in the Netherlands.

THE King of Bavaria is just now hard at work on a book which he is writing, a history of the reigns of Louis XIV. XV., and XVI. The object of his visit was to see the splendid old Cathedral at Rheims. The King has just entered his 31st year.

VICTOR HUGO has a collection of objects of literary interest which includes the pen with which Dumas wrote "Moute Christo;" Lamartine, "Les Con-fidences;" George Sand, "Consuelo;" and he himself, "Les Miserables."

THE old librarian of the University of Virginia who was there when Edgar A. Poe was a student, denies the tradition that he was expelled. He used to be a pretty wild fellow, but he also did well in the ancient languages and took several prizes.

SIR RICHARD HANSON, Chief-Justice of South Australia, the author of "The Jesus of History," published anonymously in 1869, has a new work in press entitled. "The Apostle Pauland the Prenching of Christianity, to the Fall of Jerusalem."

THE letters of Michael Angelo, edited by Signor Mianesi, and a "Bibliography of Michael Angelo." edited by Count Passerini, were to be published at Florence on the 14th of September as a feature of the third day of the Michael Angelo fêtes.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have in preparation a new book by Miss Alcott, entitled "Eight Con-sins." It is one of the "Little Women" series. This firm has also nearly ready the translation of Mme. Reca-mier's memoirs.

THE great holiday feature will be "Mabel Martin," an old poem, rewritten and much enlarged, by Mr. Whittier. The volume will be uniform with "Hanging of the Crane," the illustrations being by the same artists and of the same high order.

"THE Satchel Series, Volume 1,," contains seven stories and poems by Miss Braddon. Wilkie Collins, Owen Meredith. M. Quad, and others. They are all interesting and readable, and are well calculated to beguile the time during railway or steamboat travel.

PILL LONGFELLOW'S new volume is to be entitled "The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems," The title poem is fresh, having never appeared in print before. The remainder of the volume will comprise several already published productions. It will appear, probably, in October.

A "Vest-Pocket Series" will soom be publish-A VEST-TOCKET SCIES WILL SOOM DE PRIDINSI-hed by Osgood & Co., containing some of the most nota-ble brief works of great authors. The books will be ilmstrated, and among the first issues will be Whittier's "Snow-bound," Longfellow's "Eyangeline," essays by Emerson & C. Emerson. &c.

M. E. RENAN will publish in the beginning of at. L. MENAS will puously in the beginning of the winter the two final volumes of his work on the "Early History of Christianity," of which the "Vie de Jésus, "Les Apotres," "Saint Paul," and "L'Antichrist" have formed portions. M. Renan has also in the press a volume of miscellanies. A NEW edition of Hawthorne's works. printed

entirely from new plates and to be comprised in twenty-one volumes uniform in style with the now famous "Lit-tle Classics," is soon to be presented to the public. The initial volumes, containing the "Scarlet Letter" and the 'House of Seven Gables," will appear immediately. Among other new books soon to be published

AMONG other new books soon to be phiblished are Violet le Duc's "Discourses on Architecture." in one large octavo volume; Bayard Taylor's new volume of poems, entitled "Home Pastorals;" "Famous Painters and Paintings," illustrated, by Mrs. J. H. Snedd; an "Art Romance." by Harriet Hosmer," the sculptress; and a new book by Bret Harte. THE English critics complain that Carlyle is

Played out. In his latest book on the early Kings of Norway they accuse him of dealing out trifling commonplaces in his usual knotty style; commonplaces, moreover, gathered by him at second-hand, as he is unacquainted with the language of the early Northmen whom quarates with the larguage of the early Northmen whom he writes about and had to get his material from German translations.

M. PAUL FEVAL made a long and able oration in behalf of the Societé des Gens des Lettres on the re-cert occasion of the inauguration of Chateaubriand's statue at St. Malo. M. Feval said that Chateaubriand's Native at 51, Mail. 31. Fewi sam in Characteristics to be for his native country, Britany, prompted him to be buried on the rock, the Grand Bé, overlooking the sea. "A yearning for the maternal nest," said M. Feval. "never left the Breton swan who sang far from Britiny."

"never left the Breton swan who sang far from Britiny."

M. STEPHANE MAILLARM Eisediting "Vathek," the chef-draurer of Beckford, in the original French text, page for page and line for line, as it first appeared in Paris in 1788. It will be an Edition de Luxe. printed in Elzevirian type, on special paper, the copies numbered and signed, and preceded by a preface by the editor. The interest attaching to this celebrated work will still be strong enough to attract many to make an acquaintance with it in the original language and form, and the promised reprint will restore to French literature a memerable and most curious book.

#### THE GLEANER.

Masks are now worn by bathers at some water-

THE Suez Canal carned over \$5,000,000 last year, and cost over \$3,000,000.

A TUNNEL is to be cut under Piccadilly from Park lane to Grosvenor mansions, London.

STEWED watercresses is the latest gastronomic novelty. It is a friend of the boiled fowl.

The Bureau Veritas reports 68 sailing vessels and 8 steamships at lost during the month of

IT costs Canada only \$2 to care for each Indian. It costs the United States more than \$20 per Indian.

WHISTLES instead of bugles are to be used in the French Army by captains commanding infantry and officers of cavalry regiments.

THE Lutherans of Russia are following the example of the Mennonites to escape military service. A large number are on their way to Wisconsin to found a colony.

An agent of the Russian Government is travelling in the Southern States of America, making a study of cotton culture, which that Government proposes to introduce in Turkestan.

THE Marquise de Chambrun, the Granddaughter of Lafayette, now resident in Washington, has in her possession a set of pearls given her grandmother by Marie Antoinette, at whose wedding that lady acted as a bridesmaid.

BISHOP Ledochowski has imade known to the Pope that his liberation from prison will take place in February. The Pope has written a letter to him, in which he invites him to come to Rome so soon as he is free, to receive a Cardinal's

GREAT improvements are taking place in the Temple. The ugly, mean houses near the Temple Church are being removed, and the approach to the Church from Fleet-street is being improved. In the place of the old houses, a row like Gold-smith's huilding with be built. smith's-building wil be built.

M. RIVIERE has just found in the cave of Mentone, which furnished, two years ago, so fine a specimen for the Paris Museum of Natural Hisory, two skeletons of children, complete, in perfect preservation, in a stratum of oligoclase. Those relics are to be forwarded to the capital.

THE directors of the new Westminster Aquarium are said to have made up their minds to draw many specimens from the waters of the Mediterranean, and a railway car is being consstructed to convey the fish alive over the Italian and French lines. The project is sure to succeed thus far; and the transhipment for England is a mere question of labour and expense.

THE German papers announce the discovery at Laybach, in Carniola, of extensive remains of lacustrine dwellings, for the further exploration of which the local municipality has granted the required authorisation and the necessary funds. In mode and materials of structure and in the remains found, the Laybach lacustrine dwellings appear to be identical with those of the Swiss lakes.

JOHN WISE, the balloonist, who has kept so quiet since the failure of the projected transatlan-tic air trip that a newspaper inadvertently spoke of him as dead, writes to Appleton's Journal to say that he is alive and still a believer in the aircurrent theory. He will, he says, use a copper balloon in his next attempt. He is also laying the foundation of a system of weather predictions by which he hopes to foretell the weather accurately a year ahead.

THE new patent dye stuff of Croissant and Bretonnière is said by the Arbeitgeber to have owed its origin to an accident. Mr. Croissant was an apothecary in Laval, and on one occasion had to prepare a sulphurous solution into which an organic substance dropped by chance. On boiling, a beautiful brown color was developed. Laval noticing this, got the aid of Bretonnière, a dyer, in the investigation of the phenomenon, and the two finally succeeded in producing the popular dye stuff sold under their name.

A VERY singular and highly interesting discovery of relics of Peter the Great, during his residence in England, has been made by M. Stanislaus in a house in Tower-street. They are chiefly articles of furniture that belonged to the Emperor. They have now become the property of an eminent Russian nobleman, Gregory Tschertkoff, who intends presenting them to the Emperor of Russia, in order that they may be placed amongst other reminiscences of Peter the Great at Moscow. They are in splendid con-

THE Italian press are indignant at the term "Latin perversity" which appears in one of the inscriptions of the Hermann monument. The Italia speaks of it in very reproachful language. As the ldest sons of the Latin race the Italians regard the word as a reproach to themselves. The cription runs as follows : "He who united the races so long divided, who triumphed over Latin perversity and power, who restored to the German Empire the long-lost sons (the Emperor William), is equal to Arminius the Liberator.

IT appears that the heavy field ice which was the occasion of so much danger and damage in the North Atlantic last spring was set loose by severe northerly gales from the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, in the early part of the year. The previous winter had been excessively severe in those regions, so that the ice thus dislodged was extremely dense and compact, and in this way was enabled to drift far to the southward before

melting. Heavy field ice was thus met with in the month of April within fifty miles of the latitude of Naples.

#### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A JOLLY old bachelor wants a buckle to fasten a laughing-stock.

WHERE ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.

"SHINGLE WEDDINGS" are now coming into fashion. This novel wedding takes place when the first born is old enough to spank.

THE more stoutly a man protests he'll die a bachelor, the more certain you may be of an invitation to his wedding with a twelvemonth.

THE heart of a woman known no purer joy and is never flattered with such dear enchantment as when she hears the praises of the man she

A DECENT mourning bounet now costs \$12, and any sort of an economical woman is afraid of crying at the grave for fear of spoiling the

A YOUNG lady friend of ours was asked by a gentlemen acquaintance for her photograph. She curtly replied that she never gave herself

THE wives of French soldiers are beginning to wear the crosses and decorations conferred upon their husbands for valorous service on the field. What the brave have won, the fair may wear.

A CHICAGO man closed his testimony in his action for divorce from his wife as follows: "I don't want to say anything against the woman, Judge, but I wish you could live with her a little while.

It is hard to say who the happiest man is, but the happiest woman, according to the Danbury News, is she who is called upon to decide the question as to which is the cunningest of two of the cunningest babies that ever lived.

A KEEN observer of human nature and human countenances says that the woman looks oldest who tries the hardest to conceal her age; and that if she refuses to let her age appear upon her tongue, it will be certain to show itself upon her

A GREAT woman not imperious; a fair woman not vain; a woman of common talents not jealous; an accomplished woman who does not care to shine in public, are four wonders great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.

A YOUNG lady of 16 concludes a letter with the request:—"Please excuse all imperfections. I write this in a hurry, and have not time to read it over." Only 16, and not time to read over a letter which she has written, to see that it is all right before it is sent! Surely if she were 90 she would have time enough for that. Such requests from the young are common and they are very unreasonable. If you had not time to correct a letter, do not send it. In the first place, take time to write it as well as you can, and then take the time to write it as well as you can, and then take the time to read it over very deliberately, and correct the mistakes, if you have made any. Do everything well. Make that the rule of your life, and live up to it.

A RECENTLY made Benedict writes as follows concerning his young wife's habits:—" If there was a bedroom a mile long, and her entire wardrobe could be packed in a band-box, you'd find portions of that wardrobe scattered along the whole mile of dressing room. She's a nice thing to look at when put together, but this wonderful creature is evolved from a chaos interminable of pins, ribbons, rags, powder, thread, brushes, combs, and laces. If there were seven thousand drawers in your room, and you asked but for one to be kept sacred and inviolate for your own private use, that particular one would be full of hair-pins, ribbons, and soiled cuffs. Some provision, some protection in this matter, should be made by Mr. Disraeli during next session, if he gives such matters any consideration."

#### HEARTH AND HOME.

TROUBLESOME TRIFLES .-- A fly is a very light burden: but if it were to perpetually return and settle on one's nose it might weary us out of our

Sorrow. -There are many fruits which neve turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow comes.

TRUE GENTLENESS. -- Gentleness which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning asfrom fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value.

THE VICE OF BAD LANGUANE.-Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who relishes it, and soon your moral sense will lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it, you lose your horror of it. To be too much with bad men and in bad places, is not only unwholesome to a man's morality, but unfavourable to his faith and trust in

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.—Never be anxious to have your children precocious. It is often the very smart child that makes the commonplace man, and the dunce, who makes his parents ashamed of him, that at last becomes distinguished. The very worst way to make a genius of a boy is to bring him up for one. Under such training, if he has not the real stuff in him, he will become a conceited jackanapes. If he has the real stuff in him it will develop itself in its own fashion, and at its own time.

FIFTEEN MINUTES .-- The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks: so the right and wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building un in good proportion with strength, a man's mind.

Merchants and clerks may find fifteen minutes during the day to learn what goes on beyond the day-book and the ledger. Merchants and artizans may find fifteen minutes occasionally to gather a hint, a thought, a fact, an anecdote, which they may ponder over while at work. Good housewives need not to be so ignorant, as, alas! they too often are, seeing that the world of books has plenty for them. One and all of let us take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. It has been well said that industry is of little avail without punc-This is the spirit that watches the minutes, and turns them to account.

#### ROUND THE DOMINION.

Since January 1st there have been 203 failures in Nova Scotia.

The New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition opened at St. John on the 27th inst.

Lieut.-Governor Macdonald inaugurated the new Normal School at Ottawa, last week.

It is expected that the Canada Central railway

will be extended to Pembroke by January next. Both the British officers' and the Canadian cricket teams have been defeated by the Philadelphia eleven.

Returns from East Peterboro give the Conservative candidate, Mr. O'Sullivan, a majority of about 400 over either of his opponents.

Contracts have been let for grading, bridging, &c. on the Missisquoi and Black River Railway, and the work of constructing the road is going

Judge Mondelet, of the Quebec Bench, refused to hear an election case because he held that the Election Court of that Province was unconstitutional.

Segt. Bates has left Detroit on his tramp through Canada, bearing the American flag, stopping at London, Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal.

The iron rails are now being laid on the Richelieu, Arthabaska, and Drummondville road, and grading is also being done from Drummondville to Actonvale.

There are now in the Ontario Institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, 190 pupils, being an increase of over 20 in the attendance at the same period last year.

At the West Middlesex Fall Show a prize is to be offered for the prettiest lady, and the ugliest lady, and now the ladies who intend to compete think the first class is the only one really worth trying

The ladies of Waterloo, Quebec, propose organizing a debating club. It is expected that every lady in the village will join and attend regularly, lest in her absence she should be the subject of debate.

Mr. Mowat, in his speech at the inauguration of the new Normal School at Ottawa, said it was extremely likely that the office of Minister of Education would be created, and that Hon. Mr. Crooks would be its first occupant.

The Ontario Agriculture and Arts Association held its annual meeting last week at Ottawa, and it was resolved to hold the next exhibition at Hamilton. Guelph made a strong bid for holding the fair in that town, but when the vote was taken, received thirteen votes less than Hamil-

The following is the constitution of the Supreme Court. From Onta. io: Chief Justice Richards, Mr. Justice Strong. From Quebec: Hon. T. Fournier, Q. C. Mr. Justice Taschereau. From Fournier, Q. C. Mr. Justice Taschereau. From New Brunswick: Chief Justice Ritchie. From Nova Scotiu: Hon. Wm. Henry, Q. C. The first named Judge will take the position of Chief Justice of the new Court.

#### FOOT NOTES.

THE King of Burmah has a high-tempered son who quarrelled recently with his royal father and the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right a rebellion among the Shaus. A body of troops were despatched in pursuit of him, however, and he was brought ignominously back.

THE Grand Duke Alexis is said to have succeeded to his grandfather's reputation of being the handsomest man in Europe. He looks hand-somer than ever in the eyes of "some people," now that he is divorced and is to be received into favor again at the Imperial court.

RAPHAEL TRABUCO, who was condemned to transportation in 1864 for plotting against the life of Napoleon III. and afterwards pardoned, has of late stuck so persistently to a M. Cernuschi, who received him because of a letter from Garibaldi with which he was armed, that he is to spend the next two months within the walls

#### TRUE CHILDREN OF THE DAY.

Writing from an inn in Haute-Savoie a correspondent says: Then we have rich, republican, well-educated Israelites, relations of the Rothschilds, who speak all languages with a facility that is only given to a few. The Israelite, masculine or feminine, is a delightful person to meet with; the just as is a high-bred Russian. They are so well educated, and yet not pedantic. Educated, mind you, not learned. You cannot mention an event that has taken place in any country that is unknown to them. They are true children of the day.

#### VARIETIES.

CALIFORNIA has 140,000 marriageable girls.

GERMANY has nearly 1,000,000 more women

THE greatest depth of the Pacific Ocean, as found by the British ship Challenger, was about five miles.

MINISTER ORTH, writing from Vienna, says that he has yet to see a single drunken person where everybody drinks wine and beer.

THERE are 1,700,000 Baptists in the United States, and only 260,000 in England, Virginia alone has as many as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts put together. The denomination is very popular with the negroes.

Kossuth says Bismack is anxious to have Austria annex the Sclave territory and surrender her twelve millions of German subjects to the German Em-

THE English language is more spoken than any other of civilized tongues. Even in Paris there are few shops where English is not spoken.

TURQUOISE is the only precious stone that has ever been found in aerolites, and hence the only one that we are sure exists beyond our planet.

PAUL DU CHAILLU is said to be the most popuhim, the women admire him, and the children are impa-tion for his return. No lyceum will be complete if he is not on its list.

A Norwich, Conn., antiquarian will exhibit at a fair in his county a book published in 1523, a cane 225 years old, a leaf from a Bible brought over in the Maythower, and a piece of the white oak—which fell in 1808—under which the first settlers of ancient Woodbury encamped on the night of their arrival.

THE seat of the French Government being at Versailles, while the greard service of the Government departments is at Paris, speedy communication between the two is a matter of moment. M. Crespin proposes to establish a subterranean pneumatic service, such as exists in London for the needs of the Post-office. Parcels carried by the tube would make the journey from Paris to Versailles in ten minutes, at the rate of a little more than a mile a minute. than a mile a minute.

THE President of the British Pharmaceutical THE President of the British Pharmaceutical Conference, which is holding its twelfth annual meeting in Bristol, in his inaugural address called for legislative interference in the matter of pa ent medicines, which he remarked, are not patent, but secret remedies. He recommended the appointment of a commission, to which the composition of these specifics should be disclosed, and which should exercise some control over the extravagant and lying puffs by which their sale is extended to the injury, in many cases, of the public health.

#### HUMOUROUS.

THE Marshall, Ga., Messenger cries "For the Lord's sake, triend, don't keep telling an editor how to run his paper! Let the poor devil find it out himself."

A London dentists' circular says that, as a ge-A London dentities electrial says that, as a general thing, only men of culture go into the tooth drawing profession. And yet it must be admitted that many of them are not men of gentle extraction.

WHEN a Missouri engineer ditched his train, he faintly asked: "Did it kill any one who parted his hair in the middle?" They answered that three such were lying dead. "Then I die happy!" he sighed, and

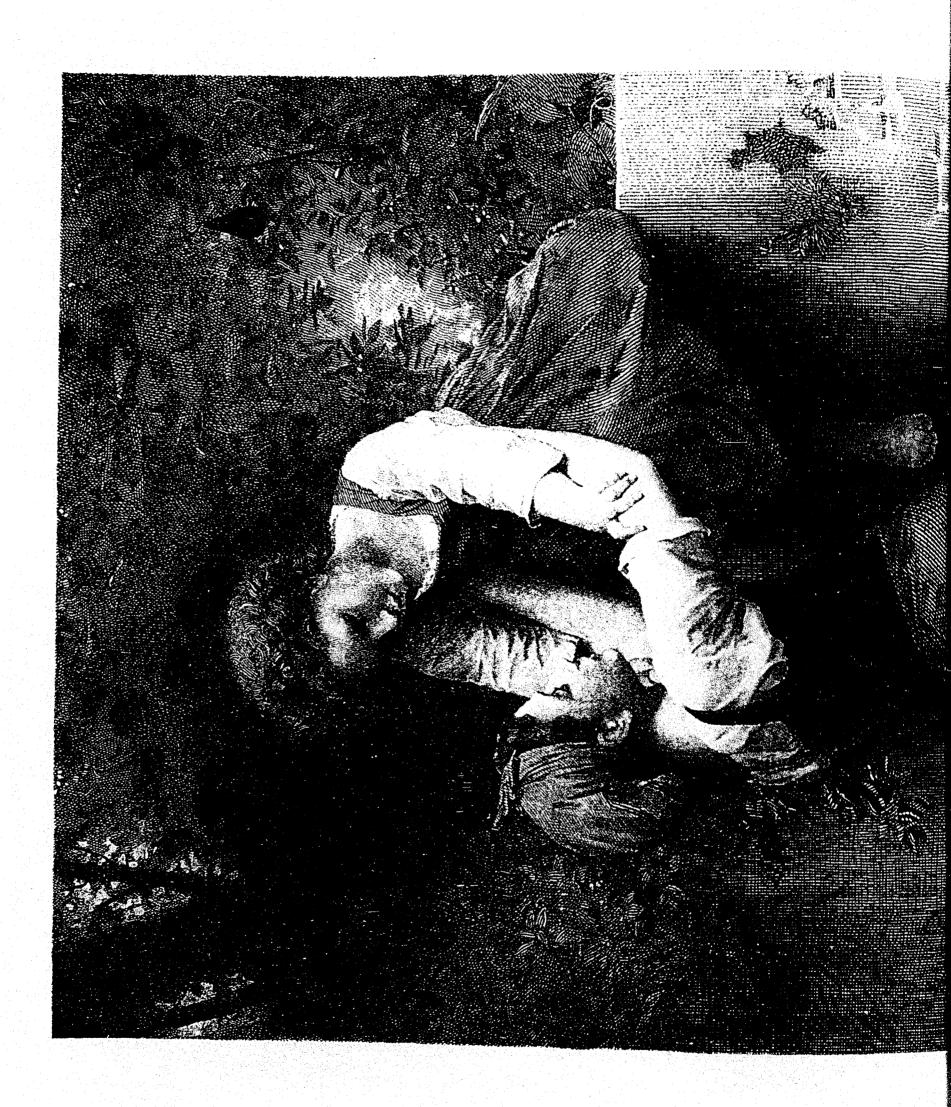
WHEN a Nevada photographer wants to make a good picture, he puts the sitter in his place, pulls out a navy revolver, cocks it, levels it at the man's head, and says. "Now, jist you sit perfectly still, and don't move a hair; put on a calm, pleasant expression of countenance and look right into the muzzle of this revolver, or I'll blow the top of your head off. My reputation as an artist is at stake, and I don't want no nonsense about this nicture."

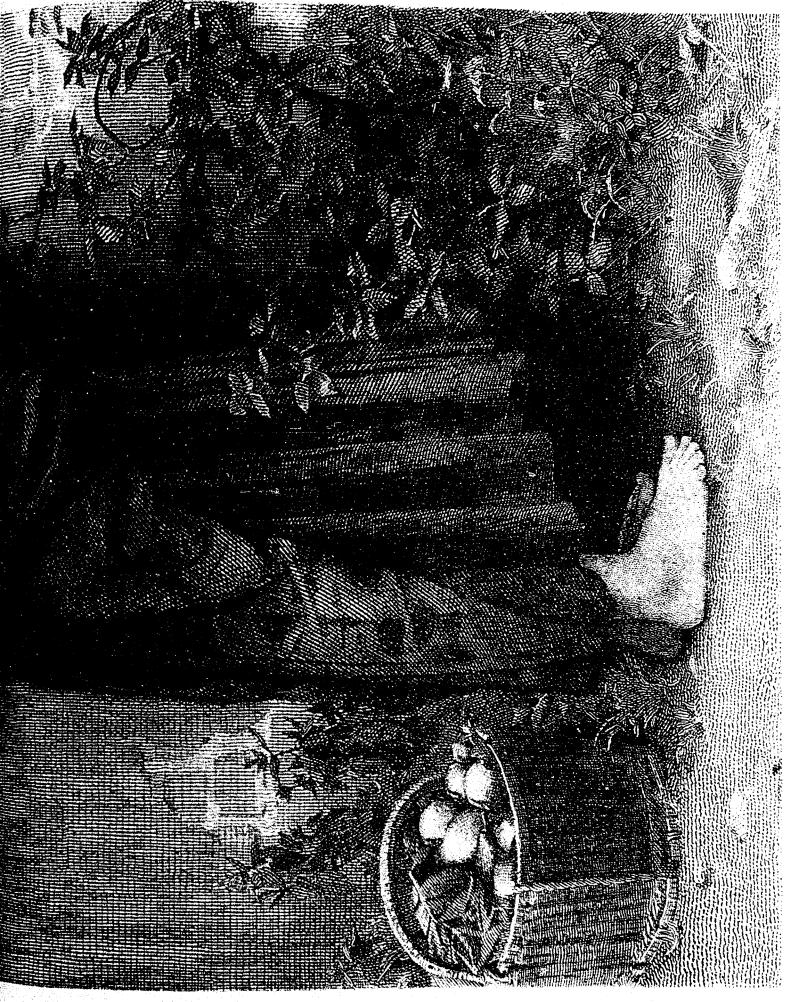
Dr. BETHUNE used to tell a good story about two Scotchmen who came to this country several years ago. "What's the matter. Andrew, that ye seem sue troubled this morning?" "I had a fearful dream in the night." "What did ye dream?" "I dinna like to tell." "Did ye dream ye saw the deil!" "No, it was far waur than that." "Did ye dream wer mither was dead?" "No, it was far waur than that." "Well, what did ye dream mon?" "Why, I dream I was home again!"

Ax old Scotch woman unco said to her pastor AN old Scotch woman unco said to her pastor:

"Dear me, ministers mak" muckle adoo aboot their hard
work; but what's twa bits o' sermons in the week tae
mak' up? I could do't mysel'." "Weel, Jauet," said the
minister good humoredly, "let's hear you try." "Come
awa' wi' a text then," quoth she. He repeated with emphasis: "It is better to dwell in the corner of a housetop
than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." Janet
fired up instantly, "What's that ye say, sir? Dae ye
intend onything personal?" "Stop, stop!" broke in her
pastor. "You would never do for a minister." "And
what for no?" said she. "Because, Janet, you come
ower soon to the application."

A CITIZEN is in misery about his hat. The other day he hung it on a hook just buck of a closest door which opens back against the hook. His wife had occasion to rummage around in the closet after he hung up his hat. As often as she pushed that door back, just so often would it fly shut, leaving her alone with the darkness. Vexed at last with the persistent contrariness of the thing, she threw her weight against it, and was rewarded by seeing the door go clear back and remain back, as she wanted it. But when the husband, a day or two later, went to that hook for his hat, what a sight it was to be sure. Flatter than a drink of ice-water on Christmas morning, more wrinkles in it than in a washboard, and as far removed from any hope of future usefulness as a Keckuk bank. His wife bought a hat rack the next day, and now when he goes into the house she meets him in the hall, and points out to him the folly of going up two flights of stairs and hanging his hat behind a door in the attic. A CITIZEN is in misery about his hat. in the attic.





JANADIAN ILLUSTBATED NEWS, 2ND OCTORER, 1875.

# THE YOUNG MARAUDERS.

#### BEYOND JORDAN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

And they came to him, mothers of Judah, Dark-eyed and in splendour of hair. Bearing down over shoulders of beauty, And bosoms half hidden, half bare;

And they gave him their babes and besought him Half kneeling, with suppliant air. To bless the brown cherubs they brought him, With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching his hands he said, lowly, "Of such is My Kingdom;" and then Took the brown little babes in the holy White hands of the Saviour of men;

Held them close to his heart and caressed them Put his face down to theirs as in prayer. Put their hands to his neck, and so bless'd them, With baby hands hid in his hair.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.) RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD

#### By a Canadian Commercial. A TRIP TO FRENCH RIVER. Being in Owen Sound this summer, half on

pleasure, half on business bent, but not very anxious about the latter, I took advantage of the opportunity offered by an excursion to visit French River, a locality I had often heard of, but the existence of which I could speak of with out the existence of which I could speak of with no more authority from personal experience than I could of the existence of an open sea at the North Pole. Hearing it referred to as the North Shore terminus of the projected Canada Pacific Road, and being told also, that the Upper Lake steamboats called there, I formed a shadowy notion of what it was like in my own mind, which notion turned out to be as mythical as such self-formed notions usually are. I did not expect to find an embryo city, although some idiotic enthusiast had told me, with many emphatic expletives and much amplitude of gesture: it is destined to be the Canadian Chicago-Yes, sir, the Liverpool—the Liverpool, sir, of our Northern waters." Now, being pretty well accustomed to coming into contact with gentlemen of inflated ideas, I was willing to allow a wide and generous margin for exaggeration. Still, this talk continually dinned into one's ears, will have its effect in stamping an image on the mind, and I considered my expectation modest when I saw in my mental eye a new and bustling village, very mushroom-like in appearance, and with a smell of pine-boards and fresh paint permeating it throughout. I was confident of finding an army of gambling land spe-culators, a vast array of engineers, and a multi-

or whiskey without water. Alas! for my dream-reality dispelled it. But I anticipate. We were a jovial party, just enough in numbers to make the trip sociable, and not too many for comfort—not such a number as to create any unreasonable jangling about staterooms (as the sequel will show.) Our ark of safety was the side-wheel steamer "Silver Spray," a very comfortable, snug little boat, pleasant enough to sail on when the wind and waves are light and propitious, but—ahem! rather skittish when they

tude of new-fledged surveyors, dressed in blue

serge pea-jackets and airing a vast amount of

asserting strut and self-importance. In the foreground of this mental picture I saw an im-

mense barn-like frame hotel, over the bar of

which I expected to find a row of thirsty mortals drinking whiskey and water, water and whiskey,

are otherwise. Leaving the Coulson House at 4 o'clock, on a Friday afternoon, in one of those lumbering ab-ominations that have come down as an heir-loom from the Mediaval Ages and yelept a Buss, I was driven to the wharf where the boat lay, puffing and whistling, as if impatient to be off.
After a few minutes' delay, the lines are cast off, the steam-whistle gives a succession of ear-splitting shrieks—a waving of small and feminine handkerchiefs, and the vessel glides slowly away from her moorings. The speed increases, (it generally does), and as we stream up the long reach of water that penetrates far into the land from the great reservoir of the Georgian Bay, we salute in turn the "Cumberland" and the "Francis in turn the "Cumberland" and the "Francis Smith," or the "Francis Smith" and the "Cumberland," for really I forget the order in which we passed them. It is a lowering, threatening evening promising ill for the sport to-morrow. We pass from daylight to dusk, from dusk to darkness, a pitchy darkness unrelieved by either moon or stars, and we feel it quite a cheerful break in the gloomy monotony of the night on the waters when Meaford is reached about 9 p. m. At this place, some thirty miles distant from Owen Sound by water, we receive a welcome addition to our party. There is quite a stir on the wharf, a bustling little throng of interesting the property of the respective of the respecti tending excursionists, leave-takers and the usual ers come down to the boat come in." Several of us Owen Sounders, your correspondent among the number, strolled up the wharf, and having reached its end attempted to grope our way up town, an attempt that signally failed, for, as usual in such cases, that signary ratied, for, as usual in such cases, we took the wrong way, stumbling over saw-logs and splashing into waylaying puddles of dirty water, till our exploration became a veritable Pilgrim's Progress. What trouble we might have got into, whether our earthly careers would have been brought to an abrupt termination by being precipitated unexpectedly into the Lake, is some-thing we never knew. We were in a perfect maze of perplexities, half-resolved to turn back, when the warning whistle of the boat confirmed this resolution, and we partly felt, partly picked our way back again. Arrived at the port, we received a well-deserved rating from the Captain

for keeping him waiting, a rebuke to which we

paid as little attention as he intended us to, for

what were we but an excursion?

Meaford left behind, time began to hang heavy on the hands of many of the passengers, and as the consequence, the never-failing resource of a game of euchre was accepted by those whose years and wives at home disinclined them to try to entertain the feminine portion of the company. And now "the dog" began to be in request. "The dog"—what's that?" I hear some one exclaim. Well, I don't suppose the institution of the dog is peculiar to Canada alone; the term, on this occasion, was merely a recognition of the universal liking for stimulants which seems (teetotalism to the contrary) to be an essential element in man's nature, and the accident of an excursion, or anything that takes him away from the restraint of home and business helps to furnish an excuse for the indulgence of the particular failing. But why moralise? I expect it has already been guessed that the living principle of "the dog" was alcohol, and that this some what enigmatical term was resorted to as a blind to those who were not favorable to his presence on board. But "the dog" certainly was abroad that night and rampant too, as those who retired early to their staterooms discovered to their sorrow. We unfortunately had with us a brass sorrow. We unfortunately had with us a brass band, but the "duly qualified" performers went to their bunks shortly after leaving Meaford, having succumbed through lack of breath—they said—but I suspect their disappearance was chiefly owing to a too great solicitude concerning the welfare of the before-mentioned "dog," a solicitude which developed itself in a continual and thirsty desire to visit its kennel. On leaving us, they did not even have the precaution to take their instruments with them, an omission which was taken advantage of by a select party of performers, who constituted themselves into an improvised brass band, and treated-save the mark the sleepers in the berths to a brazen and hideous serenade. It was natural to suppose that these Bedlamites would be composed younger, and consequently wilder members of the party, but picture my astonishment on cautiously opening the doors of my state-room to discover that the performers were almost ex-clusively staid, sober, married men, some of them the commercial magnates and civic potentates of Owen Sound. I must say I chuckled audibly at the refreshing spectacle, for I thought how deceiving are all appearances, and how much of hope there is yet for us, young fellows, to re-form our evil courses, when men, some of whom whose lives are in the "sere and yellow leaf," can yet revert to them?

Nor did they tire readily. The performers on the mouth instruments seemed to be possessed of an inexhaustible supply of wind, while the lusty blows on the big drum were dealt by an arm that gave no sign of wearying. For hours the infernal din, to which Pandemonium were comparative quiet, was kept up. It ceased irregularly. I could note the absence of, first, one instrument, then another, then one that had been keeping up an incessant and ear-splitting blare would become intermittent, then drop from a high and shrieking treble to a weak pipe. But the drum—the drum—the dreadful drum. It seemed to overcome the very throbbing of the engine, and survived to the last, and longer, for the inexorable arm that wielded the drum stick beat a drum solo long after the others had ceased. The arm is mightier than the lungs-

I thought, at least, under such circumstances At last it beats a long morning réveille, and as I glance out of my window, I d'scover that the dawn is breaking, and the drummer has, I sus-

pect unintentionally, heralded its advent.
Finding, after a trial, that sleep although wooed, may be no longer won, I dress myself and step out on deck, there to find the apparently innocent and screnely unconscious creators of last night disturbance standing about in quiet groups, but their eyes having that peculiar hazy appearance that so surely betrays the up-all-night man. The morning breaks gray, cold and misty; the sun, obscured by morning vapours, can scarcely be distinguished, as it slowly rises over the distant edge of the horizon. A heavy fog rests on the water and yields reluctantly to its enemy, the breaking day, like the drowsy opening cyclids of a sleepy, sluggish man. As it lifts, we descry close at hand a long line of rugged, rock-bound coast, covered with close, but stunted verdure. The water is as calm, placid and clear as the surface of a mirror, and its whole surface is dotted with miniature islands, as rocky and unpromising in their appearance as the coast they guard. Rocks, rocks, rocks everywhere. And now the beds begin to give up their sleepers, who emerge drowsily and discontentedly, some lexpressing a faint wish to discover the authors of last night's sleep-banishing poises. banishing noises. But as the full light of day expands on the wild beauty of the scenery, all past trivial annoyances are forgotten in an expressed or silent admiration of our surroundings.

Fish leap and gambol in the water, ahead of the vessel, causing amateur Isaac Waltons to long for the coming sport. We, at length, enter French River, a magnificent stream, still, deep and swift-gliding, hemmed in by unyielding walls of rock that drop plumb to the bed of the river without a bank or shoal to mar the depth of the current. As we steam upwards we notice numerous painted poles planted at intervals on the shore above us, looking as if a colony of insanc barbers had been transported here and their shaving instincts had up-reared the emblems of their trade. These, we are informed, are to stake out the intended route of that Utopian scheme, the Canada Pacific Railway, But still no village of French River.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### (For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.) SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

By A. B. C. D. E.

"Boys are miniature men." Of course the way to discipline them is to emulate the way in which it is best secured among men-that is, in the Army and Navy.

Obedience in battle which makes men march to death, for a "cause," which they understand little, and care for less,—obedience in great things is secured by the Habit of obedience in small things; I mean, in daily drill.

Thus evoluty ways of behaving in class pro-

Thus, orderly ways of behaving in class produce perhaps the habit of obedience. The habit of obeying such orders as "Class sit!" Class rise!" "Seats!" "Boys leave the room "&c., insensibly produce discipline. But an unpractised teacher must feel his way in such things and introduce such things by degrees.

How else may we emulate Military Discipline First let us note that as jokes are unknown to the parade ground and quarter deck, so we should

JOKE IN SCHOOL.

Shorten the hours of work to five at least, but let work be work and never joke in school. A joke relieves the dominie-killing tedium of school. A joke often explains a thing as nothing A joke is a lubricator whereby facts else can. glide into the memory. But jokes are death to

The master cracks a good joke. How can he punish some witling pupil for essaying a bad one in repartee, which the class is sure to appresists a repart between ciate much better.

Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee, At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Full often the class laughs at some pointless whispered gibe about the master, under cover of laughing at the excellent jest by which he fondly hoped to gain admiration and good will. The two very best disciplinarians we have ever known in Canada, never joked in school. In school they never unbent. Out of school familiar and pleasant enough, for its very rareness their kindly word was amusingly over-appreciated.

Similarly all undignified expressions and the calling boys by their nick-names or even Christian names, may be eschewed by the Teacher, just as they are unknown to the Officer.

Again we may infer that those who would govern should be men of very few words. Even the hen that sits silent on an addled egg has a reputation for wisdom.

Speak low. To speak low to boys and then to take one of them (to scold or punish many together has little effect or none) severely to task, for not obeying at once, works like magic.

#### TENNYSON'S PRETTY LINE

" Her low firm voice and gentle government should give Dominie the hint required. "Like master, like man." A loud voice in the master insensibly makes every voice and noise in the school louder. If the master speaks low the whispers of a pupil may be detected. It gives him a reserve of power, for when he does speak loud it startles and overawes from mere novelty.

Dress well and get the scholars to dress neat-ly. I know of two masters, whose power of discipline was a "minus quantity," who kept order for some time owing to the imposing fault-lessness of their dress. A college gown is not without influence. Teachers should, more than other professional men, "starve the belly to feed the back.

A great aid to discipline is to induce the A great and to discipline is to induce the Trustees to get the room put into excellent order and seeing that the boys keep it so. The outbuildings should be made of unplaned lumber so as to check the disease of scribbling on walls which has haunted boys ever since they went to school at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Ink stains can be washed off the tops of brown ash desks well varnished, and from oiled brown ash they can be sand-papered out and leave no trace behind.

#### AS TO DESKS,

arrange the scholars at them so as to separate those likely to be congenial in chattering and tricks. To move a chatterbox's seat to one among older uncongenial boys will sometimes make him silent as Procne. Perfect silence can perhaps hardly be secured in our Academies with ease to the master, but a near approach to it should Le aimed at.

It is hard to see how emulation can be secured without making the scholars take places in class and marking down the places, giving the last pupil, "one" good mark, the next to the last "two," and so on. This will help to check irregularity of attendance, that bane of Canadian teachers. A good English school would never dream of getting on without "taking places." Or nine marks (to save ever having to enter two digits in one column) may be given for good conduct or each "perfect lesson" each day, and marks taken off for each offence or mistake. We know of one school kept in order by the sim ple monthly publication of such marks.

#### BOYS ARE STRICTEST CONSERVATIVES.

On making the new rule in school a teacher might carefully explain its advantage or necess When made, he must of course hold to ity. When made, he must of course hold to it rigidly, right or wrong. If it does not work he

may as well frankly say so and give it up.
As to punishments, the less the better, so long as order is secured. See that the boys get plenty of hard exercise in field, garden, or gymnasium, and they will be much less restless in school Much better than keeping in is the reward of letting boys go at 3 p. m. in lieu of 4, for good behaviour and when they have done an ample

extent of work-which they will do with this stimulus. In six thousand years the world seems to have got as hardened to the threat of punishment as a Merchant Tailor boy's hand used to be to the cane, and the main incentive to good action seems to be the hope of sure reward,

as Plato expresses it. To summarise. Talk very little. Speak low. Joke never. Never unbend from a scholarly dignity of manner and parlance. Arrange scholars and school so as to promote order. Dress and never joke.

#### ARMIES OF EUROPE.

Mr. Amedée le Faure published lately a complete analysis of the military strength of the various nations in 1875. Germany, it appears, has an army comprising 469 battalions of infantry, 465 squadrons of cavalry, 300 campaign batteries, 29 battalions of fort artillery, 18 battalions of pioneers, and 18 battalions of service corps. When are added the Reserves, the Landsturm, the Landwehr, and the Navy, a total of 1,700,-000 men is arrived at, with annual estimates of £20,000,00. The English Army and Navy, including Militia and Volunteers, comprise 535,-000 men and cost £24,800,000; Austria has 535,000 men, costing £10,800,000; Belgium 43,000, with an expenditure of £1,650,000; Denmark 54,000 men, costing £366,000; Spain according to the regulations of 1870, possesses 270,000 men, with a yearly budget of £6,400,-270,000 men, what a yearly badget of 20,400,000. The law passed by the Cortes in 1872 has as yet been imperfectly applied. France has 152 regiments of infantry, 30 battalions of Chasseurs, 77 cavalry regiments, 40 regiments of artillery, four of engineers, and 20 squadrons of service corps. With the reserve and navy the total effective strength of the country is 1,700,000 costfective strength of the country is 1,700,000 costing £26,600,000; Greece, 51,000 men, and estimates £360,000; Italy, 760,000 men, expeuditure £9,840,000; Holland, 100,000 men, estimate £1,120,000; Portugal, 73,000 men, costing £180,000; Russia has an army in time of peace of 188 regiments of infantry, 82 battalions of riflemen, 48 battalions for frontier service, 56 regiments of cavalry, 310 batteries of arvice, 56 regiments of cavalry, 310 batteries of artillery, 14 battalions of engineers, besides irregulars and reserves. With the fleet, the effective strength of the country is 1,550,000 men, with a budget of £27,200,000; Sweden, 100,000 men costing £1,120,000. The effective strength of costing £1,120,000. The effective strength of Switzerland is approximately 180,000 men, costing only £360,000; Turkey, 300,000 men, with estimates of £5,680,000. On a war footing, therefore, the armies of Europe are 8,333,000 men, costing annually £136,804,00.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CHRISTINE Nilsson has grown nearly as fat as

NEILSON'S husband, Lee, is reported to have run away from her the other day, leaving her ill in Paris.

THE veteran Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, will next winter make a last/concert-tour through Sweden, Denmark, and Germany.

FANNY ELSSLER, the famous danseuse, who was a sensation in this country over thirty years since, is living at Bremen, the wife of a physician. She is a well-preserved woman of seventy-one.

Eight-year-old prima donnas are a Mexican growth. At that tender age they sing well all the operatic flourishes, but the musical critics say that before they become of age they are used up.

THE celebrated violoncellist, M. Alexandre Batta, has been named "Chevalier de la Légion d'Hon. neur." Mme. la Maréchale de MacMahon communicated to the artist his nomination in a flattering letter.

A colored man in Cincinnati has written a play called "The Boyne," in which there are five acts, and the scene is laid in Babylon. Zadig is the name of the hero. Semira the heroine. The writer is Francis A. Boyd, born in Lexington, Ky.

JOHN T. RAYMOND'S watch bears the following inscription: "To J. T. Raymond—Dear Johnny, accept this ticker as a slight token of my earnest admiration of you as a true friend and the drollest comedian I ever saw. Everyours, NED SOTHERN."

A welcome addition has been made to the Birmingham Shakespeare Library in the shape of a copy of the "Merchant of Venice," translated by a native merchant into the Tamil language. The present is made by Thomas Clarke, an English resident in Madras,

A soprano learning that one of her admirers was about being married in a suburban church, bribed the organist, and looked herself in the loft. Instead of executing the usual "Wedding March," she sang the "Dies Iræ," accompanying herself on the organ to the horror of the bridal party.

MISS KATIE MAYHEW has appeared as Fanchon MISS KATTE MAYHEW has appeared as Function in San Francisco, and is said to have surprised her auditors by a charming performance. Miss Mayhew is quite equal to the part, having sustained for a period of some weeks with genuine success the burden of "With the Tide" at the Union Square Theatre.

BARRY SULLIVAN says that there are fortyfive theatres in London and 600,000 strangers from the
provinces come in every day, and that therefore many a
new play created in London by puffery and supported
by the rural multitude fails to run one week at Manchester or Liverpool. Mr. Sullivan says that Irving's play of
"Charles I." is a cheap and bepuffed melodrama and
that a London reputation for a new piece is apt to be
ficitious and mercenary.

THE retirement from the stage of Mme. Pauline The retirement from the stage of Mme. Pauline Lucca in the course of 1876 has been announced. The lyric stage can ill spare such a gifted artist. She will make a tour through Germany. Terms have been offered for Berlin. but Mme. Lucca cannot return to that capital before she has made her peace with the Intendant General of the Imperial Opera House, as she has 1.roken her engagement with that theatre. London is closed to the German prima donna for the same reason, as Mr. Gye holds her unfulfilled contract to perform at the Royal Italian Opera; if the Covent Garden director could arrange with the lady, her advent there would be an immense attraction, as she is really the only dramatic vocalist who can cope with Mme. Adelina Patti.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER WARNING.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED

SIR:—Once more a steamer has collided with ice man's skill, his presence of mind, and courage have this time claimed the victory, but how near defeat! How terribly near every one on board of the steamer "Moravian" stood on the brink of eternity; none can tell, excepting her commander, with that four hundred feet of ship, under him, carrying a dead weight of ship and cargo, of some "three thousand tons". He knew well the danger when heading for that wall of ice, with but an inch of iron plating between him and eternity. Clear must have been the brain, and well strung the nerves, that were not found wanting at such a moment. Had the berg not been so affected by the sun's rays and wind, as to take from it the consistency of green ice, or had it been of larger dimensions, the concussion of the ship would not have succeeded in cleaving it in two halves, and the probability is that all on board must have perished. As it was, had the "Moravian" not been fitted with a bowspirit, clike some of the later built ships), or had the attention of the Captain been withdrawn for a moment proving to the collision, her how would moment, previous to the collision, her bow would have been stove in like so much glass, starting the foremost bulkhead, and allowing the water to rush into the second compartment, when the ship in less than ten minutes would have been under Another warning has gone forth, a silent appeal in the cause of humanity, to those enjoying wealth and power, to secure a safer class of vessel for the Canadian Passenger Trade.

Levis Sept. 17, 1875.

E. W. SEWELL.

#### GENIUS AND SENSITIVENESS.

Every man of genius feels at times a sense of loneliness more or less. It caused Byron much misery; John Stuart Mill suffered from it for years; and Dickens, when near the end, com-plains that he feels that he has missed a someone he has never seen. The ideal of such men is seldom realized. Unknown to themselves, they create a creature in their heart and brain whom they eagerly seek in flesh and blood, and too often in vain. It does not follow—indeed, it seldom happens—that this ideal conception of the man of genius is a perfect creature, or one like unto himself, but generally of a contrary nalike unto himself, but generally of a contrary nature and possessing the very qualities which are most wanting in him. Some few have found this ideal, and always in the form of woman; others have found her only to lose her, like Walter Scott and Byron; not a few have found her in the wife of another man, like Petrarch and Sterne; others have foundly imagined that they have found her; but, too late, have discovered their mistake. These last are they whose married lives have proved failures. The wives of men of genius separated from their husbands are men of genius separated from their husbands are a long and fearful list. Who is to blame? Cer-tainly not the wives, for they are human and very feminine; and as for their husbauds, they are more than human; so let not us men sit in judgment upon them.

Byron had all the restlessness and contempt

for the world peculiar to Burns. Their natures were much alike. The peer and the peasant unite in the temperament of the poet. Byron was very near being the most unfortunate min who ever lived. He endured the misery of deformity, of disappointed love, of calumny, and of genius. He only wanted Burns' poverty to make him the most unhappy man ever born. Any one of these misfortunes would be as much as an ordinary being could well bear; but when we think of them centred in one man, and of the painful sensitiveness of genius to such influences, we wonder that Byron was so good a man as he

With men of genius, sensitiveness is a perfect disease; indeed, it is this very quality which enables them to feel and to express those emotions which escape other men. Sensitiveness is an innocent and amiable self-love, and must not be confounded with selfishness. A selfish man is sensitive, but only for himself; but a sensitive man has much sympathy for others. The two qualities always go together, and are largely developed in women and men of genius. Many women have as much sympathy as men of genius, but they exercise it with greater strictness and partiality. Thus women have little or no sympathy for evil doers; men of genius frequently have.

Speaking of calumny, it is a thing to which a man of genius is particularly liable, especially an unknown man. People see that he is often unhappy, and uncertain and strange in his humour and ways—in short, he is different from themselves; and knowing the cause, they are so kind as to invent one, always taking great care that it shall be to the man's discredit. Said Bulwer Lytton, with tears in his eyes, "Men calumniate me, yet I would die to serve them."
The fact is, we love to see each other come and fall down heavily.

#### THE MICHAEL ANGELO FETES.

The fêtes in commemoration of the birth of Michael Angelo are now in progress in Florence.
To give éclat to the fêtes a cast of the celebrated statue of Moses, which is on the tomb of Julius II. in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, at Rome, has been sent to Florence for the occasion, this work having been ordered by Signor Peruzzi, the Syndic of Florence. The chapter of St. Peter's

consented only on the condition that the cast should be made by Signor Malpieri, a well-known modeller of Rome, who cast the sculptures of the column of Trajan for Napoleon III. In addition to the cast of the great statue of Moses, the Italian Government has had casts made of several other works by Michael Angelo in the churches of Rome works by Michael Angelo in the churches of Rome, which have been sent to Florence for the celebration. These include casts of the statues of Elias and of Rachel in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, of that of the Christ in the Minerva, of the Saviour in St. Paul's Without-the-Walls, and of the Pietà in St. Peter's. The Church of San Pietro in Vincoli (St. Peter's in Chains), from which the most important of these works are taken. is so called because it was built to preserve the chain with which St. Peter was bound in Jerusalem. On either side of the statue of Moses, in this church, stand those of Elias and Rachel. In July last, a plan was adopted for the illumination of the piazza of the Municipal Palace at Florence, and at different times aid has been given by foreign Governments and private contributors of memorials of Michael Angelo in various forms. Among the rest, the Belgian Government agreed to forward a new cast of the Madonna of Bruges, a celebrated work by Michael Angelo. There has been a general effort on the part of the Florentines to furbish up all the public works of art in their city, and to put things in holiday shape. Among other things the fountain of Nepe, by Ammanati, at the corner of the Municipal Palace, and almost on the spot where Savo-narola was burnt, has been restored. The founnarola was burnt, has been restored. The fountain consists of an octagonal basin rising about 8 feet 6 inches above the pavement, very handsomely moulded, and made of a rich purple and white-veined marble. On four of the eight sides are nereids and sea-gods, with attendant fauns and tritons, very cleverly sculptured in bronze, although in somewhat extravagant attitudes, but with their shalls allowing and other decorations. with their shells, dolphins, and other decorations they have a sumptuous effect. How the fauns are mixed up with water-sprites is beyond explanation. The fountain was so incrusted with deposits from the water and with slime and green impurities that Ammanati's design fared badly. Now it is seen as he made it; Neptune is whiter than ever, and his tritons are pure as the sea-foam. Water has been copiously replaced, and the three tritons which strengthen the legs of Neptune blow streams for their shells, and a from the car proclaims its watery nature, while the fish-heads puff streams into the green ocean There was and is a general expression of regret among foreigners that the month of September should have been chosen as the time for the celebration, as the climate of Italy renders the country particularly unwholesome to forei-gners at this time of the year.

#### SHANDON BELLS.

Writing of a visit to Shandon, Charles Warren Writing of a visit to Shandon, Charles Warren Stoddard says: Surely I ought to have been happy, inasmuch as a lifelong wish was at last gratified; and so I was, I suppose, but I would have been fur happier could I have forgotten how all these years I have thought of the Lee as a broad placid river, fringed with rushes. Shandon to me was a village of Arcadian loveliness, and in its midst towered the gray old walls of the church, its ivy-curtained windows reflected in the church, its ivy-curtained windows reflected in the silver bosom of the stream that flowed noiselessly below it; and in my day-dream the chorus of those bells swam down the still air in faint and fading harmonics divinely sweet. O Father Prout! to you I am indebted for a dream and an awaking, the one joyous and the other sad. It was you who furnished the theme on which the quick imagination of youth hung its enticing picture ; it was you who sing :

On this I ponder.
Where'er I wander.
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork. of thee:
With thy bells of Shandon.
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

Below me there was a miserable conglomeration of houses, good and bad. Across the way there was a butter market of extraordinary di-mensions, while in the vile unswept streets the pigs and people swarmed on a common footing, the amenities of which were only disturbed by an occasional sharp dispute as to the right of way, Surely thy music, O Shandon bells, speak of fairer scenes than these, and thy melody, rung in the ears of the wanderer beyond seas when, in the cars of the wanderer beyond seas when. fortunately, the unsavory odors—the only in-cense that curls about thee—had perished on the

#### HOW NOTRE DAME WAS SAVED.

Ever since the Commune there has been much speculation as to how Notre Dame happened to escape destruction. M. l'Abbe Riché has just published a book, in which he gives the follow.

ing:
On the 25th of May, 1871, I was sent for to prepare for death the Communists who had been sentenced. On arriving in the prison and announcing to them their doom one fine young fellow, about twenty-five years old, threw self on the ground, exclaiming in voice of keen emotion: "I knew that one deed would bring me to the scaffold." I turned to him and begged of him an explanation. He hesitated for a few minutes, but then said: "Yes l'Abbé, I will tell you; but let us be quick, for there is not a second to lose." Whereupon he told me that that evening at nine o'clock Notre Dame was to be blown up; that he himself had assisted to carry in the gunpowder. I waited to hear no more, but taking a company and the young

Communist as guide we flew to the cathedral, which we were barely in time to save. I begged the life of my young friend, which after s deliberation, was granted me, and thus came Notre Dame to be saved.

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondent will be duly acknowledged.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M.. Quebec.—Letter and problem received. The latter shall appear in due course.

On the first of the present month, Mr. Zukertort played seventeen games simultaneously against as many members of the City of London Chess Club. He won sixteen, and drew one.

Some time ago, we called attention to the fact that the ladies of both Europe and America were beginning to take more interest in Chess than was formerly the case, and that some of the fair sex on both continents were becoming distinguished for skill in a pursuit which was supposed by many to be confined to gentlemen alone.

We are now glad to subjoin a game played, recently, by correspondence, between an American lady, Mrs. We are now glad to subjoin a game played, recently, by correspondence, between an American lady, Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, U. S., and Mr Berry, of Beverly, Mass. As will be seen, the game has some remarkable features, one of the most interesting being that the lady was victorious. We feel sure Mr. Berry had too much gallantly to feel chagrined at the result.

The moves and notes are taken from Land and Water.

#### GAME 42ND.

Played by correspondence between Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, N. S., and Mr. Berry, of Beverly, Mass. (Ruy Lopez.)

₩HITB.—(Mrs. Gilbert.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Berry
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Q Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles (a)	Kt takes P
6. R to K sq	Kt to B 4th
7. B takes Kt	Q P takes B
8. P to Q 4th	Kt to K 3rd
9. P takes P	Q to K 2nd
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q 2nd (b)
11. P to Q K 4th	Castles
12. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to K B 3rd
13. Q to K 2nd	Q to B 2nd
14. Kt to K 4th	R to Kt sq
15 P to Q B 3rd	P to K R 3rd (c)
16. P to Q Kt 4th	P to K B 4th
17. Kt to K Kt 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
18. Kt to Q 4th (d)	Kt takes Kt
19. P takes Kt	R to K sq
20. P to Kt 5th (e)	B P takes P
21. P takes P	B takes P
22. P to K 6th	Q to Kt 3rd
23. Q takes B	P to B 5th
And White announced ma	te in ninete <b>e</b> n moves (f)

NOTES (a) 5 P to Q 3rd is better. The move in the text brings about a dull and drawn position in most cases.
(b) Decidedly better to have exchanged Queens.
(c) All this is much too slow to be effective.
(d) An excellent move, greatly weakening Black's game.

game.

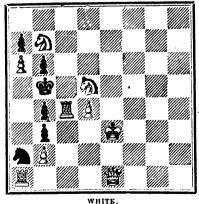
(e) Excellent: this advance, taken in connection with the twenty-second move, gains for White a clear piece.

(f) The fact that this feat was accomplished by a lady, renders it still more remarkable. We subjoin the moves which lead to the denoiment. It will be observed that Black has in some cases a choice of moves, but we have discovered no means of prolonging the struggle.

24. R takes P	P takes R
25. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
26. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B sq
27. Q to Q 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
28. B takes P	P takes B
29. Q to Kt 5th (h)	K to B sq
30. R to R sq	B to R 6th
31. R takes B	Q to Kt 8th ch
32. Q takes Q	R takes P
33. R to R 7th	K to Q 2nd
34. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	R to Q B 3rd
35, Kt to B 5th	R to K sq
36. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K to B sq
37. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
38. Kt takes R (dis ch)	K to K 2nd
39 Q takes R	K to B sq
40. R takes P	K to Kt sq
41. Q to K Kt 6th (ch)	K to B sq
49 () to R 7th mate.	K to Baq

#### PROBLEM No. 39.

By C. H Wheeler, of Englewood, Ill.



White to play and mate in two moves

Solution of Problem No. 37.		
WHITE.	BLACK.	
1. Q to K B 6th	1. Kt takes P	
<ol> <li>Q to B 3rd (ch)</li> <li>Mates.</li> </ol>	2. K takes Q	
2. Q to Q R sq	1. B to K B 7th 2. Anything.	

2. Q to Q R sq 3. Q mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 36. WHITE

BLACK

1. K to K 5th

2. K to Q 5th Kt to Q 3rd
R to K 5th (ch)
Q B P one
Checkmate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 37. WHITE K at K R 5th B at K R 2nd K at K B 6th BLACK. K at K R sq P at K R 5th

White to play and mate in four moves.

#### A REVOLUTIONARY FABLE.

Speeking of instances where history has been perverted a writer says: Another revolutionary fable which has imposed even on that usually hypercritical writer, Mr. Carlyle, is the horrible story of Mlle. de Sombreuil. Rumor has it that, during the "massacres of September," her father was dragged from prison and was about to be murdered by the mob, when she flung herself murdered by the moo, when she mang hersen, before him begging for his life and crying out that she wasa friend of the people. "If that be so," said one of the furious crowd, "let us see you drink the blood of an aristocrat," and, tearing a drink the blood of an aristocrat," and, tearing a heart from one of the corpses, he squeezed it into acup and presented it to her. The heroic girl, so runs the story, drank it off, and thus saved her father's life. The romantic fable, however, is only one more paste jewel to add to our collection. As matter of fact, the courage, beauty, and devotion of Mlle. de Sombreuil, as she pleaded for her father's life, completely disarmed the murderous gang; and when, overcome by her emotions, she fainted, one of them offered her a glass of water, a drop from his bloody hand fell into the cup, and hence the horrible story, which into the cup, and hence the horrible story, which is repeated by every historian of the French revolution. Louis Blanc first published the true account; he heard it from a lady to whom Mlle de Sombreuil had herself related it; in fact, the latter always told the story to show that, although cruel, the men of September were accessible to pity.

#### LA GUICCIOLI.

A correspondent says:—I had recently the pleasure of holding in my hand a locket which Madame de Boissy had presented to a lady. It contained two locks of hair, one a dark, slender ring, which had been clipped from Byron's head after death; the other a lock of silky, golden chesnut, unflecked with a single thread of silver, though Madame de Boissy was sixty-five years of age when she severed it from the mass of her still abundant tresses to join it to Byron's in the still abundant tresses to join it to Byron's in the gift for her friend. She preserved most of the traits of her wondrous beauty, her pearly teeth, her exquisitely moulded shoulders, the grace and winning charm of her manners to the latest hour winning charm of her manners to the latest hour of her life. She always wore around her neck the miniature of Byron, and the greatest proof of affection that she ever gave to this friend was the permission to have this mintature copied. While the work was in progress she sat beside the easel, watching and directing the progress of the pencil. This miniature lay on her heart when, an aged lady, she was borne to her grave after a life which apart from the one error of her after a life which, apart from the one error of her youth, had been singularly noble and blameless. As the Marquise de Boissy, she was a veritable queen of society, and her receptions were celebrated as being among the most brilliant and successful ever held in Paris.

#### WHERE DOES IT ALL COME FROM?

Pints and quarts of filthy Catarrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous where does it all come from? The inucous membrane which lines the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This lifeliquid is needed to build up the system, but it is extracted, and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly mon these glands, correcting them acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, and apply Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities, where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and both medicines sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

#### ARTISTIC.

THERE is a report that Sir Francis Grant is about to resign the post of President of the Royal Academy, which he has held since June. 1866. Sir Francis has been for some time out of health, and this step therefore will not take art world by surprise, though it would occasion great regret.

ALTHOUGH it is generally believed that the Mohammedans will not have the likeness of living persons taken. the Sultan of Turkey has had a portrait of himself painted, and has commissioned Gérome to produce a series of historical pictures for his palace.

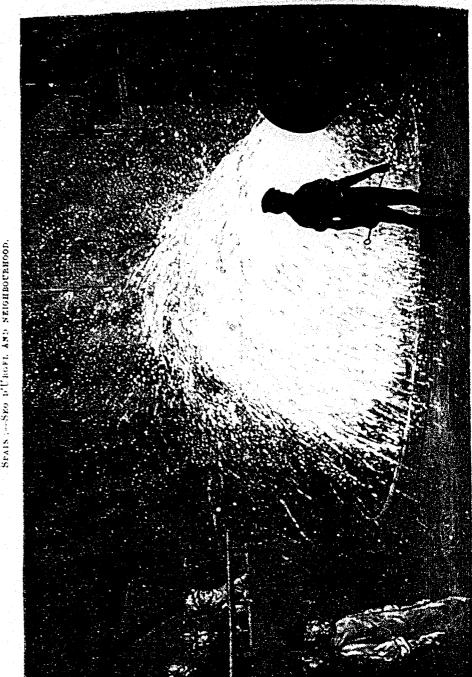
THE sculptor Horatio Stone, who died a few days ago in Italy, was a brother of the physician who waited on Lincolu's death-bed. Horatio Stone leaves several statues in the Capitol, Hamilton and Hancock being the most notable. He was a conscientious workman, but his figures are stiff and lack grace.

man, but his figures are stiff and lack grace.

AT Florence, in Italy, great preparations are on foot for the celebration of the Michael Ange'o centerary. MM. Meissonier, Ballu, Garnier, and Charles Blanc will represent, in uniform, the French Academy. Mr. Leighton will represent the English Royal Acanemy; Di Rosen, Sweden; and Ciseri, Switzerland. Profs, Luzo and Horke will bring a laurel wreath of silver gilt from the literary and artistic institutions of Germany. The exposition of Michael Angelo's sketches, designa, and models in wood and wax is rich and rare. There are also photographs of all his works existing in foreign countries.

THE jury charged with making a choice of a new French postage stamp out of the 431 designs sent in have selected three for the prizes offered, and among which the final award will have to be made by M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance. The models among which the competition is reduced are the following:—1. Peace and Commerce leaning on the world, represented by a globe, on which a seroll contains the price of the stamp. 2. Abundance, supporting an escutcheon, on which the value is also marked. 3. France, a torch in hand. This last, although entitled to a premium, will probably be rejected, because the figure on it is entirely nude. A design, placed fourth by order of merit, represents Mercury mounted on Pegasus.



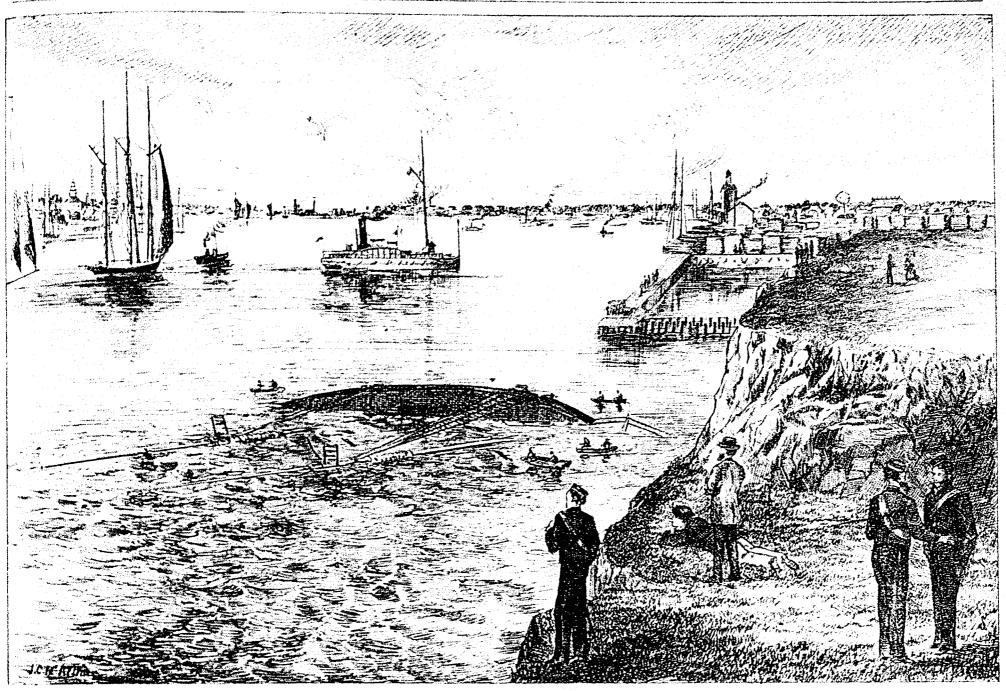




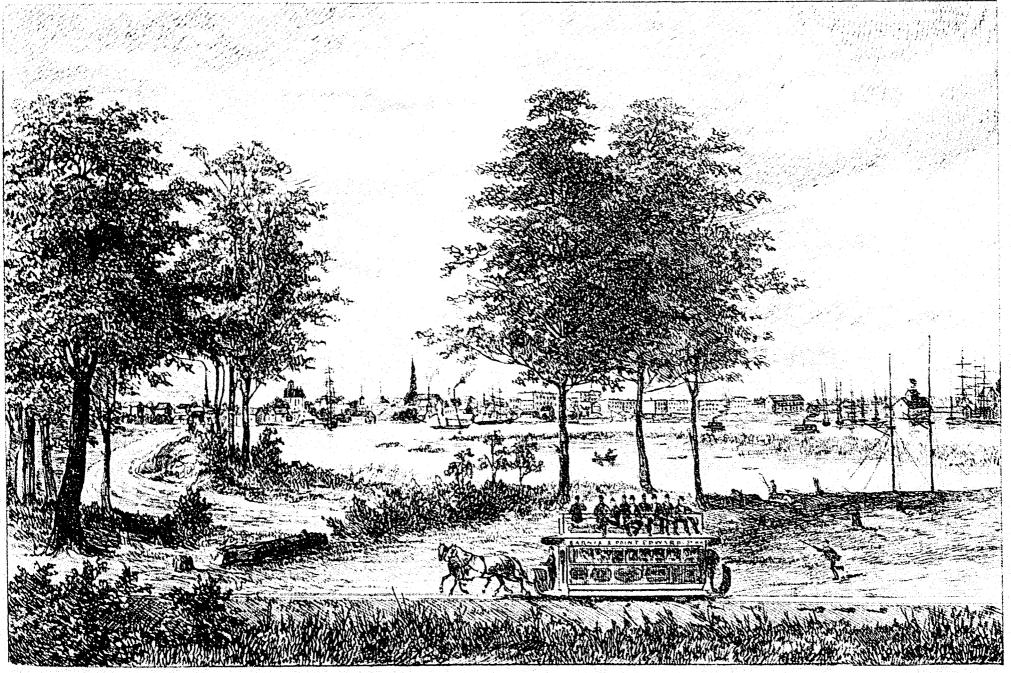


The Breath and

CACLODS WORKS, SHEPPIELD Sectionalists at 1803 into Armonda protect of Robins An Pictoria



SARNIA BAY, LOOKING NORTH.-FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. McARTHUR.



SARNIA:-FROM THE POINT, LOOKING SOUTH.-FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. MCARTHUR.

# THE STORY OF A PEASANT (1789.)

# THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF "MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," &c.

PART THE SECOND. THE COUNTRY IN DANGER VIII.

And then, speaking of the constitution, which had given the king the sole charge of defending

the country, he cried—

"O king, who have only affected to love the laws but to preserve a power which would help you to defy them—the constitution, that it might not hurl you from a throne where it is necessary for you to remain in order to destroy it. it—the nation, only to insure the success of our treachery by inspiring it with confidence; do you believe you can deceive us with your hypo-critical protestations? Was it to defend us that you opposed foreign soldiers with such inferior forces as to leave no doubt of their defeat? Was it in our defence that the projects of fortifying the luterior of the country and of making pre-parations for resistance were laid aside till the time came when we might already have be-come a prey to tyrants? Was it in our defence that a general who violated the constitution was left unpunished, and the courage of those who served it fettered? No, no, you have not carried out the will of the constitution! It may be overthrown, but you shall not gather the fruit of your perjuries! You have not officially op-posed the victories which were gained over

posed the victories which were gained over freedom in your name; but you shall not reap the benefit of your unworthy triumph. You are as nothing now in this constitution which you have violated so dishonourably, or to the people you betrayed in a manner so cowardly!"

What a cry of indignation was heard in the club or on the place as far as Chauvel's voice could reach! It was but the truth, we all thought so already; with such a king, whose interests were contrary to those of the nation, it was destruction. Therefore, every one said, "He must be deposed; there must be an end to it; and the nation must look to its own defence."

But what shows the treason of Louis XVI, in

But what shows the treason of Louis XVI. in the most odious light is the fact that the very day following, his own ministers declared to the Assembly that our treasury, our armies, and our marine were in such a ruinous condition that they resigned en masse. After which these brave fellows left the hall without even waiting for any reply, like bankrupts w o, unable to render satisfactory accounts, make their escape to England or elsewhere, leaving bonest people in distress. The meaning of which was—"You have trusted in us. Instead of putting France in a position to resist an invasion, we have done nothing. Now our triends the Prassians and the Austrians are ready; they are advanc-ing. Let us see how you will extricate your-

We did extricate ourselves all the same! The next day, Ju y 11, 1792 the Assembly declared the country in danger, and all France was up. These words, "the country in danger," meant

"Your fields and meadows, your houses, your father and mother, your villages, all the rights and all the liberties you have just won from the nobles and the court, are in danger. The emigrants are coming with Prussians and Austrians at their backs to rob and pillage you, massacre you, burn your homesteads and cottages, compe you to pay tithes, and gabelle, and field rent, &c., from father to son once more. Defend yourselves, hold together as one; or make up your minds to work like beasts of burden for the convent and your seigneur.'

This was its meaning, and this is the reason why we marched as one man ! it is the reason why our blows have been so destructive; we all were imbued with revolutionary ideas; we all were defending our property, our rights, and our freedom.

The decree was published in every commune in France. Cannon were fired every hour, the tocsin was rung in every village; and when men heard their fields were about to be invad-ed, you may believe the sickle was left in the ed, you may believe the stoke was left in the furrow to grasp the musket; for the field can bear a crop next year, and for ten or for one hundred years; the harvest may be burned, or become forage for Prussian horses; but the field itself must be preserved to produce wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes, for our children and our grandchildren

Among us, when Elof Colin read the decree from a platform in the middle of the place, screaming out like a sparrowbawk on a rock "Citizens, the country is in danger! citizens to the help of the country!" the enthusiasm first showed itself among the buyers of church preperty who knew that if the sons of the emigres returned, their fathers would surely be hauged. Therefore, all of them, five and six at a tim. mounted the platform and were enrolled.

As for me I possessed nothing as yet, but I lived in hope; I had no intention of always working for others, and besides, I was of the same opinion as Chauvel about freedom; I would have died for it; and even now at my age my old blood boils when I think of some rascal or other making an attempt on my person

was ended I went and enrolled myself in the volunteers. Xaintrailles headed the list, the second was Latour-Foissac, and the third Michel Bastien, of Baraques-des-Bois-des-Chônes.

I should be wrong to say that it cost me nothing. I knew my poor father was destined to want for three years, and that Maître Jean would be in great difficulty about his forge, but I also knew we must be defended, and that we could send no nobles in our place, that we must do it ourselves, or wheel a harrow again for ever.

As I came off the platform with my enlist-ment-ticket in my hat, my father held out his arms to me. We embraced on the first step of the platform amid cries of "Vive la nation!"

the platform amid cries of "Vive in factor":

His chin trembled, and tears ran down his cheeks: he hugged me, and said with sobs—

"Well done, my boy! Now I am sati-fied—
the wound caused by Nicholas is he ded. I feel it no more."

He said so because he was an honest man, and nothing could grieve him more than the treason of a son against his blood and his country; now he was consoled.

Maltre Jean embraced me too, for he thought I might contribute to defend his farm at Pickeholtz, and if the others came back there it would be my fault. He was right; I would have been cut to pieces before a bair of his head was

I need not describe the cries, embracings, band-shakings, and promises to conquer or die; it is always the same, and since then, by deceiving the people with false news, men filled with pride and folly have succeeded in exciting the same enthusiasm for wars in which France had no interest, and which have done her very great harm. But this time it was in earnest; the nation was rightly enthusiastic; it was fighting in defence of lands and liberty, which is better than to allow itself to be massacred for a king or an emperor.

I always feel emotion when I recollect those old men and women, feeb'e and decrepit, their arms hanging over the shoulders of their sons, whom they had just enrolled, poor people as we may call them, needy creatures from Dagsberg, who had no hing to defend, who lived in woodcutters' and charcoal burners' huts, without the slightest interest in this war; but even they loved their country, and liberty, and justice! And patriotic gifts for the relations of volunteers, for the wounded for the for the wounded, for the equipment of troops, offerings from even the poor and infirm, who begged the municipal officers to accept their were too young to become drummer-boys or buglers! This was all natural; every one sid

his best.

What I remember better still, and which stirs me up again like a boy of twenty, is that while Maltre Jean, Letumler, my father, and myself were sit ing at table in Chauvel's library the shutters closed to keep out the interse heat, and from time to time the bell rang and Mar. garet went out to serve some customers, and then came in again without daring to look at me; and while I, notwithstanding the good wine and good cheer, was not able to laugh like the rest, nor seem quite happy togoimmediately to the camp at Wissembourg, Chauvel all at once took a bottle of wine in his hand, and said as he drew the cork—

" My friends, we are going to drink this bottle to Michel's health; empty your glasses!"

He then put the bottle on the table, looked at

me very seriously, and said—
"Listen, Michel; you know I have liked you for a long time; your conduct this day increases my regard for you, and shows me you are a man. You have not hesitated to do your duty as a patriot, not with standing all that might detain you here. You have done well! Now you are going away to defend the rights of man; if we had not other duties, you should not go alone: we would have served in the same ranks. At this moment speak out openly. Do you not leave nothing here you regret? Do you go with a heart at ease? Have you nothing to ask of us? One of those patriotic gifts which are only accorded to men whom we esteem and love ?

He looked at me, and I felt I blushed; in spite of myself my eyes wandered in the direction of Margaret, who was pale, and kept hers down. I dared not speak. There was a dead silence. looked at my father-

"Well, Facner Bastien, what do you say? I believe these children love one another.

"Ah, I think so too," said my father, "and have done so for some time."

"If we betroth them, Father Bastien, what have you to say to it?"

Ah, it would make me happy for life!"

As they were talking so gaily together, Margaret and I had risen, but did not dare go nearer. Then Chauvel cried-

"Come, my children, embrace one another!" In a moment Margaret was in my arms. She hid her face on my shoulder-she was mine. What happiness to be able to embrace the girl you love before every one, parents and friends! How proud one is to hold her thus, and what power could force her from you?

or my property.

I did not wait long; I saw directly what ought to be done. As soon as the proclamation to us, said—

Mattre Jean laughed in his good-natured way, and Chauvel, turning round in his chair to us, said—

"I affiance you one to the other. Michel, you must march away now; but in three year when you return, she shall be your wife. you not wait for him Margaret?" Will

"F rever!" said she.

And I felt her arms close round me. 1 could not help crying, and said-

"I never loved any but you. I shall never love another. I am willing to go and fight for you all, for I love you all!"

And then I sat down again. Margaret imme-

diately left the room. Chauvel filled our glasses and cried -

" Here is my son Michel's health !"

My father replied -"Here is the health of my daughter Marga-

And we all called out-

"To the health of our country and liberty!" One hundred and sixty-three volunteers were enrolled at Phalsbourg on that day. The whole province was in a state of enthusiasm, and eager for the defence of what we possessed: there no one at work in the fields; on the place and in the streets one could hear nothing but cries of "Vive la nation!" "Ca ira, ça ira!" Then the ringing of bells, and every hour the firing of cannon at the arsenal, which shook the windows. In the back snop we continued to fraternise; from time to time some patriot called out at the door the number of volunteers enrolled. He was called in, and had a glass of wine in honour of the country. Chauvel took great pinches of snuff, and cried out—"It is going on well; it will do!"

He also talked about great blows which were to be struck in Paris, but without saying what they were.

My brother Claude, who was a really good man with no idea of mischief, a very good labourer and who did all he was told, but without any notions of his own, was head lad at Maitre Jean's farm at Pickelboltz; Maitre Jean preferred a man like him, because it was a pleasure to him to give orders to any one. He also said he should send Mathurine to the farm, for he could not hope to find anywhere a better housekeeper, or one more careful or more economical; she was, in fact, rather closefiste!. Maitre Jean intended remaining to take charge of the forge till I came back, and had made all his arrangements accordingly; and my father, who could still earn eight or ten sous a day, was out of debt and had two goats, looked upon himtold him he would find some employment in

town for Etienne.
About five, Freylig, the mayor's secretary, came and told us that the volunteers belonging came and told us that the volunteers belonging to the town would march the next morning at eight for the camp at Wissembourg, and that they would wait for those from the villages at Graufthal, where the general rendezvous was appointed. This made us rather more serious, but our good-humour continued; we had a few more glasses, and then it began to grow dark, and it was time to return to Baraques. Chauvel closed his shop; Margaret took my arm as far as the Porte de France. It was the first time we had been seen out of doors together; people looked at us, and cried, "Vive la na-

Chauvel, Maître Jean, and my father followed us; on the bridge, in front of the Corps of Garde, we embraced tenderly; Chauvel and Margaret returned home, and we went back singing and laughing, and, if truth must be told, rather too much excited by wine and the day's events. All we met were in the same state; we were often embracing, and crying, "Vive la nation!" About nine we left Maître Jean and Letumier

before the Three Pigeons, and wished them good night; but if they could go to sleep, a very dif-ferent reception awaited my poor father and myself. I tell you this that you may understand the rest of my story; besides, in this world good and evil go together; and this will show you, if the patriots won at last, it was with diffi-culty, for nearly all underwent a sort of domes-tic La Vendée. My father and I then walked down the old street full of ruts and manureheaps. It was a fine moonlight night. We sang lustily, but more to give ourselves confidence than from pleasure; we were thinking about my mother, who would not be very pleas ed to hear I was going away as a volunteer, and that I was betrothed to a heretic.

But about a hundred yards from our cottage we lost all desire to sing any more, and stood still, for there was my mother in her grey linen petticoat, her large cap on her hair, which was hanging loose, and her skinny arms bare. She was sitting on the steps of our old cottage, resting her hands on her knees, and her chin upon them; she looked at us some distance off; her eyes sparkled, and we felt she knew something about what had taken place.

I never felt more uncomfortable: I wanted to go back; but my father said, "Come on,

So we walked on; when we were not farther than twenty yards distant, she ran at me and uttered a yell—God forgive me for saying so—the vell of a real savage; she buried her hands in my neck, and would have got me down if I had not seized her arms to prevent her throttling me. Then she kicked my shins, and cried out

"Go and kill Nicholas! Kill your own brother! Go, you Calvinist!"

And then she tried to bite me. It was heard all over the village; people began o come out of their houses; it caused a great scandal in the

My father took her round the waist and pulled at her with both hands to make her let me go, but then she turned upon him like a fury and called him a Jacobin; had it not been for the charcoal-burner Hanovre and four or five

neighbours, she would have torn his eyes out.
At last they got her into our cottage; she struggled in their hands as if she was made of and called after me contemptuously

Woo!, and called after me contemptuously—

What a good son, who forsakes his father and mother for a Calvinist! But you shall not have her, you renegade! No! Nicholas will cut you all to pieces. I will have masses said that he may kill you! I will! Go—go! Curse wor!"

They pushed her into the house, but her

screams filled the village.

My father and I stood there in the middle of the street, looking very pale. When the door was shut, he said—
"She is mad. Let us go, Michel; something

might happen if we went in now. Good heavens! how unfortunate I am! What can I have done to deserve it?"

So we went back to the Three Pigeons. A lamp was still burning. Mailtre Jean was seated quietly in his armchair, telling his wife and Nicole the day's events; when he saw us come in—I with my neck bleeding, and my father with his coat torn—when he heard what had occurred, he said-

"My poor Jean-Pierre, if she was not your

wife we would send her to prison directly.

He said for the future my father should leave my mother alone, work in his shed, and sleep at the auberge; but things could not be arranged so; my father would live in his own cottage; habit and respectability forbade his living reparated from his wife, for, let things be ever so bad, it is tetter to live together; it they separate they are not well thought of by respectable people, and the children suffer for it.

That night we slept at the inn, and the next morning early my father went back to our cottage to fetch my knapsack; he put everything into it; he also brought my musket and haversack, cartouch-pouch, and everything; but my motuer would not see me, in spite of all the good man could urge.

So I left without seeing my mother, with her curse and wish for my death upon me. I had not deserved it, but still it gave me great pain. Maître Jean has since told me that my mother hated me because I was so like her mother-in-law, Ursule Bastien, whom she had detested as long as she lived, and that mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law are always at feud; it is possible. But it is very unfortunate to be detestalways done everything in your power; yes, it is very unfortunate.

х.

And now, my friends, we must leave the country, old Baraques-du-Bois-des-Chènes, and all the good people with whom we are acquain-

The next day about ten we were already in the valley of Graufthal, on the other side of the mountain, under the rocks. There it was that all the volunteers of the canton were to assemble before marching to Bitche, and then to Wissembourg, and then farther still. The first village detachments which arrived were to wait for the others.

We had set off early on account of the heat, which we already felt in the early morning. Margaret, Chauvel, Maître Jean, my father, and the whole town, men, women, and children, had followed us to the first halting-place. We were followed us to the first halting-place. We were resting by the side of a sandy road in the shade of some beeches, our muskets piled, and the wide valley before us far as we could see, its river fringed with willows, and its woods studded with rocks in the far distance.

How many times have I stopped at that point within the last fifty years, and looked and dreamed of olden times! I could see it all again, and I used to say to myself-

"Here it is we took a last embrace; here it is that poor Jacques, or that unfortunate Jean-Claude, with his musket on his shoulder, turned to shake his father's hand, and cried out, 'Till next year!"

The men from Saint-Jean-des-Choux arrived by this path, and those from Mittelbronn by that; we could hear the rattle of their drums for some time in the wood, then they emerged from a cluster of fir-trees with their hats on the point of their bayonets, then shouts of "Vive la

nation!" filled the valley.

How long that is ago! The trees, brushwood, and rocks are there still, the ivy still creeps about the rocks, but where are they who shouted, embraced, and promised to come back? Where are they? When one thinks of all one's comrades lying along the banks of the Moselle, the Meuse, the Rhine, and among the brushwood of the Argonne, we must acknowledge the Lord has watched over us.

(To be continued.)

# MECHANICS' BANK.

NOTICE.

DEPOSITORS are requested to forward their Pass-Books to the Bank.

W. DUNN. For the Board of Directors. 12-14-1-211-212 Montreal, 22nd September, 1875.

# MECHANICS' BANK.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANK GIVE NOTICE that they have appointed Mr. W. DUNN to the charge of its business.

(Signed)

W. SHANLEY.

September 21st, 1875.

President. 12-14-1-211-212

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D. McEACHRAN, M.R. C. V. S., Veterinary Surgeon, begs to announce that his Office and Infirmary will be removed, on the lat of October, to the new Veterinary College Buildings, Nos. 6 and 8 Union Avenue, near 12-11-13-200

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A New Label, bearing their Signature, thus-

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It Cures old Sores.
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck.
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Cures Blackheuds, or Pimples on the Face.
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Cures Glandular Swellings.
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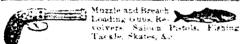
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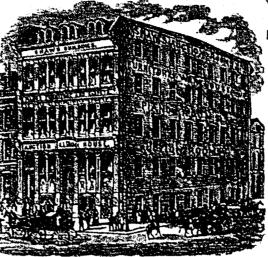
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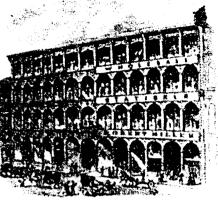
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